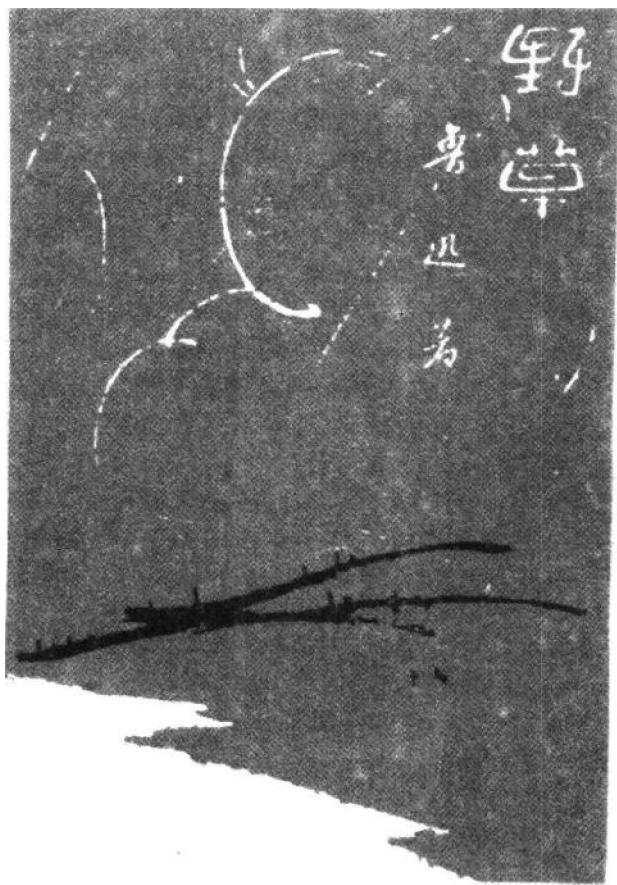




《野草》原版封面

The original cover of *Wild Grass*

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题 辞

当我沉默着的时候，我觉得充实
我将开口 同时感到空虚。

过去的生命已经死亡。我对于
这死亡有大欢喜，因为我借此知道
它曾经存活。死亡的生命已经朽
腐。我对于这朽腐有大欢喜，因为
我借此知道它还非空虚。

生命的泥委弃在地面上，不生
乔木 只生野草 这是我的罪过。

野草 根本不深 花叶不美 然
而吸取露 吸取水 吸取陈死人的血
和肉，各各夺取它的生存。当生存
时 还是将遭践踏 将遭删刈 直至
于死亡而朽腐。

但我坦然 欣然。我将大笑 我
将歌唱。

我自爱我的野草，但我憎恶这
以野草作装饰的地面。

地火在地下运行 奔突 熔岩一
旦喷出，将烧尽一切野草，以及乔
木，于是并且无可朽腐。

但我坦然 欣然。我将大笑 我

Foreword

When I am silent, I feel replete; as I open my mouth to speak, I am conscious of emptiness.

The past life has died. I exult over its death, because from this I know that it once existed. The dead life has decayed. I exult over its decay, because from this I know that it has not been empty.

From the clay of life abandoned on the ground grow no lofty trees, only wild grass. For that I am to blame.

Wild grass strikes no deep roots, has no beautiful flowers and leaves, yet it imbibes dew, water and the blood and flesh of the dead, although all try to rob it of life. As long as it lives it is trampled upon and mown down, until it dies and decays.

But I am not worried; I am glad. I shall laugh aloud and sing.

I love my wild grass, but I detest the ground which decks itself with wild grass.

A subterranean fire is spreading, raging, underground. Once the molten lava breaks through the earth's crust, it will consume all the wild grass and lofty trees, leaving nothing to decay.

But I am not worried ; I am glad . I shall laugh

将歌唱。

天地有如此静穆，我不能大笑而且歌唱。天地即不如此静穆，我或者也将不能。我以这一丛野草，在明与暗，生与死，过去与未来之际 献于友与仇 人与兽 爱者与不爱者之前作证。

为我自己，为友与仇，人与兽，爱者与不爱者，我希望这野草的死亡与朽腐 火速到来。要不然 我先就未曾生存，这实在比死亡与朽腐更其不幸。

去罢 野草 连着我的题辞！

一九二七年四月二十六日，鲁迅记于广州之白云楼上。

aloud and sing.

Heaven and earth are so serene that I cannot laugh aloud or sing. Even if they were not so serene, I probably could not either. Between light and darkness, life and death, past and future, I dedicate this tussock of wild grass as my pledge to friend and foe, man and beast, those whom I love and those whom I do not love.

For my own sake and for the sake of friend and foe, man and beast, those whom I love and those whom I do not love, I hope for the swift death and decay of this wild grass. Otherwise, it means I have not lived, and this would be truly more lamentable than death and decay.

Go, then, wild grass, together with my foreword!

Lu Xun

Written in White Cloud Pavilion, Guangzhou
April 26, 1927

秋 夜

在我的后园，可以看见墙外有两株树，一株是枣树，还有一株也是枣树。

这上面的夜的天空，奇怪而高，我生平没有见过这样的奇怪而高的天空。他仿佛要离开人间而去，使人们仰面不再看见。然而现在却非常之蓝，闪闪地映着几十个星星的眼，冷眼。他的口角上现出微笑，似乎自以为大有深意，而将繁霜洒在我的园里的野花草上。

我不知道那些花草真叫什么名字，人们叫他们什么名字。我记得有一种开过极细小的粉红花，现在还开着，但是更极细小了。她在冷的夜气中，瑟缩地做梦，梦见春的到来，梦见秋的到来，梦见瘦的诗人将眼泪擦在她最末的花瓣上，告诉她秋虽然来，冬虽然来，而此后接着还是春，胡蝶乱飞，蜜蜂都唱起春词来了。她于是一笑，虽然颜色冻得红惨惨地，仍然瑟缩着。

Autumn Night

Behind the wall of my backyard you can see two trees: one is a date tree, the other is also a date tree.

The night sky above them is strange and high. I have never seen such a strange, high sky. It seems to want to leave this world of men, so that when folk look up they won't be able to see it. For the moment, though, it is singularly blue; and its scores of starry eyes are blinking coldly. A faint smile plays round its lips, a smile which it seems to think highly significant; and it dusts the wild plants in my courtyard with heavy frost.

I have no idea what these plants are called, what names they are commonly known by. One of them, I remember, has minute pink flowers, and its flowers are still lingering on, although more minute than ever. Shivering in the cold night air they dream of the coming of spring, of the coming of autumn, of the lean poet wiping his tears upon their last petals, who tells them autumn will come and winter will come, yet spring will follow when butterflies flit to and fro, and all the bees start humming songs of spring. Then the little pink flowers smile, though they have turned a mournful crimson with cold and are shivering still.

枣树，他们简直落尽了叶子。先前，还有一两个孩子来打他们别人打剩的枣子，现在是一个也不剩了，连叶子也落尽了。他知道小粉红花的梦，秋后要有春；他也知道落叶的梦，春后还是秋。他简直落尽叶子，单剩干子，然而脱了当初满树是果实和叶子时候的弧形，欠伸得很舒服。但是，有几枝还低亚着，护定他从打枣的竿梢所得的皮伤，而最直最长的几枝，却已默默地铁似的直刺着奇怪而高的天空，使天空闪闪地鬼眈眈；直刺着天空中圆满的月亮，使月亮窘得发白。

鬼眈眈的天空越加非常之蓝，不安了，仿佛想离去人间，避开枣树，只将月亮剩下。然而月亮也暗暗地躲到东边去了。而一无所有的干子，却仍然默默地铁似的直刺着奇怪而高的天空，一意要制他的死命，不管他各式各样地眈着许多蛊惑的眼睛。

哇的一声，夜游的恶鸟飞过了。

我忽而听到夜半的笑声，吃吃地，似乎不愿意惊动睡着的人，然而四围的空气都应和着笑。夜半，没

As for the date trees, they have lost absolutely all their leaves. Before, one or two boys still came to beat down the dates other people had missed. But now not one date is left, and the trees have lost all their leaves as well. They know the little pink flowers' dream of spring after autumn; and they know the dream of the fallen leaves of autumn after spring. They may have lost all their leaves and have only their branches left; but these, no longer weighed down with fruit and foliage, are stretching themselves luxuriously. A few boughs, though, are still drooping, nursing the wounds made in their bark by the sticks which beat down the dates: while, rigid as iron, the straightest and longest boughs silently pierce the strange, high sky, making it blink in dismay. They pierce even the full moon in the sky, making it pale and ill at ease.

Blinking in dismay, the sky becomes bluer and bluer, more and more uneasy, as if eager to escape from the world of men and avoid the date trees, leaving the moon behind. But the moon, too, is hiding herself in the east; while, silent still and as rigid as iron, the bare boughs pierce the strange, high sky, resolved to inflict on it a mortal wound, no matter in how many ways it winks all its bewitching eyes.

With a shriek, a fierce night-bird passes.

All of a sudden, I hear midnight laughter. The sound is muffled, as if not to wake those who sleep; yet all around the air resounds to this laughter. Midnight,

有别的人，我即刻听出这声音就在我嘴里，我也即刻被这笑声所驱逐，回进自己的房。灯火的带子也即刻被我旋高了。

后窗的玻璃上丁丁地响，还有许多小飞虫乱撞。不多久，几个进来了，许是从窗纸的破孔进来的。他们一进来，又在玻璃的灯罩上撞得丁丁地响。一个从上面撞进去了，他于是遇到火，而且我以为这火是真的。两三个却休息在灯的纸罩上喘气。那罩是昨晚新换的罩，雪白的纸，折出波浪纹的迭痕，一角还画出一枝猩红色的栀子。

猩红的栀子开花时，枣树又要做小粉红花的梦，青葱地弯成弧形了……我又听到夜半的笑声；我赶紧砍断我的心绪，看那老在白纸罩上的小青虫，头大尾小，向日葵子似的，只有半粒小麦那么大，遍身的颜色苍翠得可爱，可怜。

我打一个呵欠，点起一支纸烟，

and no one else is by. At once I realize it is I who am laughing, and at once I am driven by this laughter back to my room. At once I turn up the wick of my paraffin lamp.

A pit-a-pat sounds from the glass of the back window, where swarms of insects are recklessly dashing themselves against the pane. Presently some get in, no doubt through a hole in the window paper. Once in, they set up another pit-a-pat by dashing themselves against the chimney of the lamp. One hurls itself into the chimney from the top, falling into the flame, and I fancy the flame is real. On the paper shade two or three others rest, panting the shade is a new one since last night. Its snow-white paper is pleated in wave-like folds, and painted in one corner is a spray of blood-red gardenias.

When the blood-red gardenias blossom, the date trees, weighed down with bright foliage, will dream once more the dream of the little pink flowers . . . and I shall hear the midnight laughter again. I hastily break off this train of thought to look at the small green insects still on the paper. Like sunflower seeds with their large heads and small tails, they are only half the size of a grain of wheat, the whole of them an adorable, pathetic green.

I yawn, light a cigarette, and puff out the smoke,

喷出烟来，对着灯默默地敬奠这些
苍翠精致的英雄们。

一九二四年九月十五日。

paying silent homage before the lamp to these green and
exquisite heroes.

September 15, 1924

影的告别

人睡到不知道时候的时候，就
会有影来告别 说出那些话——

有所不乐意的在天堂里，我
不愿去；有所不乐意的在地狱里，
我不愿去；有所不乐意的在你们
将来的黄金世界里，我不愿去。

然而你就是我所不乐意的。

朋友 我不想跟随你了 我不愿
住。

我不愿意！

呜呼呜呼 我不愿意 我不如彷徨
于无地。

我不过一个影，要别你而沉没
在黑暗里了。然而黑暗又会吞并
我，然而光明又会使我消失。

然而我不愿彷徨于明暗之间，
我不如在黑暗里沉没。

The Shadow's Leave-Taking

If you sleep to a time when you lose track of time,
your shadow may come to take his leave with these
words:

“There is something I dislike in heaven; I do not
want to go there. There is something I dislike in hell; I
do not want to go there. There is something I dislike in
your future golden world; I do not want to go there.

“It is you, though, that I dislike.

“Friend, I'll no longer follow you; I do not want
to stay here.

“I do not want to!

“Ah, no! I do not want to. I would rather wander
in nothingness.

“I am only a shadow. I shall leave you and sink
into darkness. Yet darkness will swallow me up, and
light also will cause me to vanish.

“But I do not want to wander between light and
shade; I would rather sink into darkness.

然而我终于彷徨于明暗之间，
我不知道是黄昏还是黎明。我姑且
举灰黑的手装作喝干一杯酒，我将在
不知道时候的时候独自远行。

呜乎呜乎 倘若黄昏 黑夜自然会
来沉没我，否则我要被白天消失，
如果现是黎明。

朋友，时候近了。

我将向黑暗里彷徨于无地。

你还想我的赠品。我能献你甚
么呢？无已，则仍是黑暗和虚空而
已。但是 我愿意只是黑暗 或者会
消失于你的白天；我愿意只是虚空，
决不占你的心地。

我愿意这样 朋友——

我独自远行 不但没有你 并且
再没有别的影在黑暗里。只有我被
黑暗沉没，那世界全属于我自己。

一九二四年九月二十四日。

“However, I am still wandering between light and shade, uncertain whether it is dusk or dawn. I can only raise my ashen-grey hand as if to drain a cup of wine. At the time when I lose track of time, I shall go far away alone.

“Alas! If it is dusk, black night will surely engulf me, or I shall be made to vanish in the daylight if it is dawn.

“Friend, the time is at hand.

“I am going to enter darkness to wander in nothingness.

“You are still expecting some gift from me. What is there for me to give? If you insist, you shall have the same darkness and nothingness. But I would like it to be only darkness, which may be lost in your daylight. I would like it to be only nothingness, which would never take possession of your heart.

“This is what I would like, friend —

“To go far away alone to a darkness from which not only will you be excluded, but other shadows too. There will be myself alone sunk in the darkness. That world will be wholly mine.”

September 24, 1924

求 乞 者

我顺着剥落的高墙走路，踏着松的灰土。另外有几个人，各自走路。微风起来，露在墙头的高树的枝条带着还未干枯的叶子在我头上摇动。

微风起来，四面都是灰土。

一个孩子向我求乞，也穿着夹衣，也不见得悲戚，而拦着磕头，追着哀呼。

我厌恶他的声调，态度。我憎恶他并不悲哀，近于儿戏，我烦腻他这追着哀呼。

我走路。另外有几个人各自走路。微风起来，四面都是灰土。

一个孩子向我求乞，也穿着夹衣，也不见得悲戚，但是哑的，摊开手，装着手势。

我就憎恶他这手势。而且，他或者并不哑，这不过是一种求乞的法子。

我不布施，我无布施心，我但居布施者之上，给与烦腻，疑心，憎恶。

我顺着倒败的泥墙走路，断砖

The Beggars

I am skirting a high, mouldering wall, trudging through the fine dust. Several other people are walking alone. A breeze springs up and above the wall the branches of tall trees, their leaves still unwithered, are stirring over my head.

A breeze springs up, and dust is everywhere.

A child begs from me. He is wearing lined clothes like others and does not look unhappy, yet he blocks my way to kowtow and whines as he follows me.

I dislike his voice, his manner. I detest his lack of sadness, as if this were some game. I am disgusted by the way in which he follows me whining.

I walk on. Several other people are walking alone. A breeze springs up, and dust is everywhere.

A child begs from me. He is wearing lined clothes like others and does not look unhappy, but he is dumb. He stretches out his hands to me in dumb show.

I detest this dumb show of his. Besides, he may not be dumb; this may just be his way of begging.

I do not give him alms. I have no wish to give alms. I stand above those alms-givers. For him I have only disgust, suspicion and hate.

I am skirting a tumble - down , mud wall . Broken

迭在墙缺口，墙里面没有什么。微风起来，送秋寒穿透我的夹衣；四面都是灰土。

我想着我将用什么方法求乞：发声，用怎样声调？装哑，用怎样手势？……

另外有几个人各自走路。

我将得不到布施，得不到布施心；我将得到自居于布施之上者的烦腻 疑心 憎恶。

我将用无所为和沉默求乞！

.....

我至少将得到虚无。

微风起来，四面都是灰土。另外有几个人各自走路。

灰土 灰土 ,.....

.....

灰土.....

一九二四年九月二十四日。

bricks have been piled in the gap, and beyond the wall is nothing. A breeze springs up, sending the autumn chill through my lined gown, and dust is everywhere.

I wonder what method I should use in begging. In what voice should I speak? What dumb show should I use if pretending to be dumb? . . .

Several other people are walking alone.

I shall receive no alms, not even the wish to give alms. I shall receive the disgust, suspicion and hate of those who consider themselves above the alms-givers.

I shall beg with inactivity and silence

I shall at last receive nothingness.

A breeze springs up, and dust is everywhere.

Several other people are walking alone.

Dust, dust

.....

Dust

September 24, 1924

我的失恋

——拟古的新打油诗

我的所爱在山腰；
想去寻她山太高，
低头无法泪沾袍。
爱人赠我百蝶巾；
回她什么 猫头鹰。
从此翻脸不理我，
不知何故兮使我心惊。

我的所爱在闹市；
想去寻她人拥挤，
仰头无法泪沾耳。
爱人赠我双燕图；
回她什么：冰糖壶卢。
从此翻脸不理我，
不知何故兮使我糊涂。

我的所爱在河滨；
想去寻她河水深，
歪头无法泪沾襟。

My Lost Love

— *New Doggerel in the Classical Style*

My love lives on the mountain-side,
I long to see her, but too high the mountains;
Helpless I hang my head and wet my gown
With tears that flow like fountains.
A scarf she gives me, gay with butterflies,
What shall I give her? Owls.
I know not why, but much to my surprise
She turns away and scowls.

My love lives in the heart of town,
I long to see her, but the crowd I fear;
And as I gaze up helplessly
Tears trickle down my ear.
A pair of swallows, sketched, my gift from her;
A stick of candied haws, her gift from me;
Angry, she turns her face away,
I know not why and I am all at sea.

My love lives on the river bank,
I long to see her but the stream's too deep;
Helpless I cock my head, and tears

爱人赠我金表索；
回她什么：发汗药。
从此翻脸不理我，
不知何故兮使我神经衰弱。

我的所爱在豪家；
想去寻她兮没有汽车，
摇头无法泪如麻。
爱人赠我玫瑰花；
回她什么 赤练蛇。
从此翻脸不理我，
不知何故兮一由她去罢。

一九二四年十月三日。

Into my lapel seep.
She gives me a golden watch-chain,
I give her an anti-biotic;
Angry, she turns her face away,
I know not why and start to feel neurotic.

My love lives in a rich man's house,
I long to call there but I have no car;
Helpless I shake my head, and now my tears
Are scattered near and far.
She gives me roses, and a gift
Of coral snakes I make her;
Angry, she turns away from me —
Why?! May the devil take her!

October 3, 1924

复 仇

人的皮肤之厚，大概不到半分，鲜红的热血 就循着那后面 在比密密层层地爬在墙壁上的槐蚕更其密的血管里奔流，散出温热。于是各以这温热互相蛊惑 煽动 牵引 拼命地希求偎倚 接吻 拥抱 以得生命的沉酣的大欢喜。

但倘若用一柄尖锐的利刃，只一击，穿透这桃红色的，菲薄的皮肤，将见那鲜红的热血激箭似的以所有温热直接灌溉杀戮者 其次 则给以冰冷的呼吸，示以淡白的嘴唇，使之人性茫然，得到生命的飞扬的极致的大欢喜 而其自身 则永远沉浸于生命的飞扬的极致的大欢喜中。

这样，所以，有他们俩裸着全身 捏着利刃 对立干广漠的旷野之上。

他们俩将要拥抱，将要杀戮

.....

路人们从四面奔来，密密层层

Revenge

Human skin is probably less than a millimetre thick, and below, through a network of blood vessels denser than the densely packed tufted vessels which crawl one over the other up the wall, there races hot red blood, radiating warmth. And with this warmth people charm, excite and attract each other, desperately eager to cuddle, kiss and embrace so as to enjoy the intoxicating ecstasy of life.

But one stab with a sharp knife through this thin, peach-coloured skin will make the hot red blood spurt out like an arrow to flood the killer directly with all its warmth; then, the exhalation of icy breath, the sight of pallid lips, will take him out of himself, bringing him the transcendent, supreme ecstasy of life; while as for his victim, he is forever steeped in the transcendent, supreme ecstasy of life.

This being so, the two of them, stripped naked and grasping sharp knives, confront each other in the vast wilderness.

The two of them will embrace, will kill each other. . . .

From all sides passers-by hasten there, densely

地 如槐蚕爬上墙壁 如马蚁要扛鳌头。衣服都漂亮，手倒空的。然而从四面奔来，而且拼命地伸长脖子，要赏鉴这拥抱或杀戮。他们已经预觉着事后的自己的舌上的汗或血的鲜味。

然而他们俩对立着，在广漠的旷野之上，裸着全身，捏着利刃，然而也不拥抱，也不杀戮，而且也不见有拥抱或杀戮之意。

他们俩这样地至于永久，圆活的身体，已将干枯，然而毫不见有拥抱或杀戮之意。

路人们于是乎无聊；觉得有无聊钻进他们的毛孔，觉得有无聊从他们自己的心中由毛孔钻出，爬满旷野，又钻进别人的毛孔中。他们于是觉得喉舌干燥，脖子也乏了，终于面面相觑，慢慢走散，甚而至于居然觉得干枯到失了生趣。

于是只剩下广漠的旷野，而他们俩在其间裸着全身，捏着利刃，

packed as tussorees crawling up walls or ants carrying off salted fish-heads. They are smartly dressed but empty-handed. Yet from all sides they hasten there, and crane their necks desperately to feast their eyes on this embrace or slaughter. Already they have a foretaste of the sweat or blood on their own tongues when it is over.

However, the two of them confront each other in the vast wilderness, stripped naked and grasping sharp knives, neither embracing nor killing and, moreover, showing no intention of embracing or killing.

The two of them keep this up to eternity, their full, living bodies nearly atrophied, yet showing not the least intention of embracing or killing.

The passers-by become bored. They feel boredom seeping into their pores, feel boredom from their hearts seeping out of their pores to creep all over the wilderness and seep into the pores of others. Their throats and tongues become parched, their necks tired. Finally they look at one another blankly and gradually disperse, feeling so atrophied that they have even lost their interest in life.

Then all that is left is the vast wilderness, with the two of them stripped naked and grasping sharp knives in atrophied confrontation. They feast their

干枯地立着；以死人似的眼光，赏鉴
这路人们的干枯，无血的大戮，而永
远沉浸于生命的飞扬的极致的大欢
喜中。

一九二四年十二月二十日

eyes, eyes like those of the dead, on the atrophy of the passers-by, their bloodless massacre, and are steeped forever in the transcendent, supreme ecstasy of life.

December 20, 1924

复 仇（其二）

因为他自以为神之子，以色列的王，所以去钉十字架。

兵丁们给他穿上紫袍，戴上荆冠，庆贺他；又拿一根苇子打他的头 吐他 屈膝拜他 戏弄完了 就给他脱了紫袍，仍穿他自己的衣服。

看哪 他们打他的头 吐他 拜他……

他不肯喝那用没药调和的酒，要分明地玩味以色列人怎样对付他们的神之子，而且较永久地悲悯他们的前途，然而仇恨他们的现在。

四面都是敌意 可悲悯的 可咒诅的。

丁丁地响 釘尖从掌心穿透 他们要钉杀他们的神之子了；可悯的人们呵，使他痛得柔和。丁丁地响，釘尖从脚背穿透 釘碎了一块骨 痛楚也透到心髓中，然而他们自己钉杀着他们的神之子了，可咒诅的人们呵，这使他痛得舒服。

十字架竖起来了；他悬在虚空中。

Revenge (II)

Because he thinks himself the Son of God, the King of the Israelites, he is to be crucified.

The soldiers put on him a purple robe, make him wear a crown of thorns, and wish him joy. Then they beat his head with a reed, spit upon him, and bow the knee before him. After they have mocked him, they strip off his purple robe and leave him wearing his own clothes as before.

See how they beat his head, spit upon him, kneel before him. . . .

He will not drink the wine mixed with myrrh. He wants to remain sober to savour the Israelites' treatment of their Son of God, and have longer to pity their future but hate their present.

All around is hate, pitiable, execrable.

Hammering is heard, and nails pierce his palms. But the fact that these pitiable creatures are crucifying their Son of God alleviates his pain. Hammering is heard, and nails pierce the soles of his feet, breaking a bone so that pain shoots through his heart and marrow. But the fact that these execrable creatures are crucifying their Son of God comforts him in his pain.

The cross is hoisted up . He is hanging in midair .

他没有喝那用没药调和的酒，
要分明地玩味以色列人怎样对付他们的神之子，而且较永久地悲悯他们的前途，然而仇恨他们的现在。

路人都辱骂他，祭司长和文士也戏弄他，和他同钉的两个强盗也讥诮他。

看哪，和他同钉的……

四面都是敌意 可悲悯的 可咒诅的。

他在手足的痛楚中，玩味着可悯的人们的钉杀神之子的悲哀和可咒诅的人们要钉杀神之子的喜悦。突然间，碎骨的大痛楚透到心髓了，他即沉酣于大欢喜和大悲悯中。

他腹部波动了，悲悯和咒诅的痛楚的波。

遍地都黑暗了。

“以罗伊 以罗伊 拉马撒巴各大尼？！（翻出来 就是 我的上帝，你为甚么离弃我 ？）

上帝离弃了他，他终于还是一个“人之子”然而以色列人连“人之子”都钉杀了。

He has not drunk the wine mixed with myrrh. He wants to remain sober to savour the Israelites' treatment of their Son of God, and have longer to pity their future but hate their present.

All the passers-by insult and curse him, the chief priests and the scribes also mock him, the two thieves being crucified with him ridicule him too.

Even those being crucified with him. . . .

All around is hate, pitiable, execrable.

In the pain from his hands and feet he savours the sorrow of the pitiable creatures who are crucifying the Son of God, and the joy of the execrable creatures who are crucifying the Son of God and who know that the Son of God is about to die. Sudden agony from his broken bones shoots through his heart and marrow, intoxicating him with great ecstasy and compassion.

His belly heaves in the agony of compassion and execration.

There is darkness over all the earth.

"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" (My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?)

God has forsaken him, and so he is the son of man after all. But the Israelites are crucifying even the son of man.

Those who reek most of blood and filth are not

钉杀了“人之子”的人们的身上
比钉杀了“神之子”的尤其血污，
血腥。

一九二四年十二月二十日。

those who crucify the Son of God, but those who crucify
the son of man.

December 20, 1924

希 望

我的心分外地寂寞。

然而我的心很平安：没有爱憎，没有哀乐，也没有颜色和声音。

我大概老了。我的头发已经苍白，不是很明白的事么？我的手颤抖着，不是很明白的事么？那么，我的魂灵的手一定也颤抖着，头发也一定苍白了。

然而这是许多年前的事了。

这以前，我的心也曾充满过血腥的歌声：血和铁，火焰和毒，恢复和报仇。而忽而这些都空虚了，但有时故意地填以没奈何的自欺的希望。希望，希望，用这希望的盾，抗拒那空虚中的暗夜的袭来，虽然盾后面也依然是空虚中的暗夜。然而就是如此，陆续地耗尽了我的青春。

我早先岂不知我的青春已经逝去了？但以为身外的青春固在：星，月光，僵坠的胡蝶，暗中的花，猫头鹰的不祥之言，杜鹃的啼血，笑的渺

Hope

My heart is extraordinarily lonely.

But my heart is very tranquil, void of love and hate, joy and sadness, colour and sound.

I am probably growing old. Is it not a fact that my hair is turning white? Is it not a fact that my hands are trembling? Then the hands of my spirit must also be trembling. The hair of my spirit must also be turning white.

But this has been the case for many years.

Before that my heart once overflowed with sanguinary songs, blood and iron, fire and poison, resurgence and revenge. Then suddenly my heart became empty, except when I sometimes deliberately filled it with vain, self-deluding hope. Hope, hope — I took this shield of hope to withstand the invasion of the dark night in the emptiness, although behind this shield there was still dark night and emptiness. But even so I slowly wasted my youth.

I knew, of course, that my youth had departed. But I thought that the youth outside me still existed: stars and moonlight, limp fallen butterflies, flowers in the darkness, the funereal omens of the owl, the weeping with blood of the nightingale, the vagueness of

茫，爱的翔舞。……虽然是悲凉漂渺的青春罢，然而究竟是青春。

然而现在何以如此寂寞？难道连身外的青春也都逝去，世上的青年也多衰老了么？

我只得由我来肉薄这空虚中的暗夜了。我放下了希望之盾，我听到Petöfi Sándor(1823-49)的“希望”之歌：

希望是甚么？是娼妓：

她对谁都蛊惑，将一切都献给；

待你牺牲了极多的宝贝——

你的青春——她就弃掉你。

这伟大的抒情诗人，匈牙利的爱国者，为了祖国而死在可萨克兵的矛尖上，已经七十五年了。悲哉死也，然而更可悲的是他的诗至今没有死。

但是，可惨的人生！桀骜英勇如Petöfi，也终于对了暗夜止步，回顾着茫茫的东方了。他说：

绝望之为虚妄，正与希望相同。

倘使我还得偷生在不明不暗的这“虚妄”中，我就还要寻求那逝去的悲凉漂渺的青春，但不妨在我的身外。因为身外的青春倘一消灭，我身中的迟暮也即凋零了。

然而现在没有星和月光，没有僵坠的胡蝶以至笑的渺茫，爱的翔舞。然而青年们很平安。

laughter, the dance of love. . . . Although it might be a youth of sadness and uncertainty, it was still youth.

But why is it now so lonely? Is it because even the youth outside me has departed, and the young people of the world have all grown old?

I have to grapple alone with the dark night in the emptiness. I put down the shield of hope, hearing the *Song of Hope* by Petöfi Sándor (1823-49):

“What is hope? A prostitute!

Alluring to all, she gives herself to all,

Until you have sacrificed a priceless treasure —

Your youth — then she forsakes you.”

It is already seventy-five years since this great lyric poet and Hungarian patriot died for his fatherland on the spears of the Cossacks. Sad though his death, it is even sadder that his poetry has not yet died.

But — so wretched is life — even a man as daring and resolute as Petöfi had in the end to halt before the dark night and gaze back towards the distant Orient.

“Despair, like hope,” he said, “is but vanity.”

If I must still live in this vanity which is neither light nor darkness, then I would seek the youth of sadness and uncertainty which has departed, even though it is outside me. For once the youth outside me vanishes, my own old age will also wither away.

But now there are neither stars nor moonlight, no limp fallen butterflies, no vagueness of laughter, no

我只得由我来肉薄这空虚中的暗夜了，纵使寻不到身外的青春，也总得自己来一掷我身中的迟暮。但暗夜又在那里呢？现在没有星，没有月光以至笑的渺茫和爱的翔舞；青年们很平安，而我的面前又竟至于并且没有真的暗夜。

绝望之为虚妄，正与希望相同！

一九二五年一月一日。

So I have to grapple alone with the dark night in the emptiness. Even if I cannot find the youth outside me, I would at least have a last fling in my own old age. But where is the dark night? Now there are neither stars nor moonlight, no vagueness of laughter, no dance of love. The young people are very peaceful, and before me there is not even a real dark night.

Despair, like hope, is but vanity.

New Year's Day, 1925

雪

暖国的雨，向来没有变过冰冷的坚硬的灿烂的雪花。博识的人们觉得他单调，他自己也以为不幸否耶？江南的雪，可是滋润美艳之至了；那是还在隐约着的青春的消息，是极壮健的处子的皮肤。雪野中有血红的宝珠山茶，白中隐青的单瓣梅花，深黄的磬口的蜡梅花。雪下面还有冷绿的杂草。胡蝶确乎没有；蜜蜂是否来采山茶花和梅花的蜜，我可记不真切了。但我的眼前仿佛看见冬花开在雪野中，有许多蜜蜂们忙碌地飞着，也听得他们嗡嗡地闹着。

孩子们呵着冻得通红，像紫芽姜一般的小手，七八个一齐来塑雪罗汉。因为不成功，谁的父亲也来帮忙了。罗汉就塑得比孩子们高得多，虽然不过是上小下大的一堆，终于分不清是壶卢还是罗汉，然而很洁白，很明艳，以自身的滋润相粘

Snow

The rain of the south has never congealed into icy, glittering snowflakes. Men who have seen the world consider this humdrum; does the rain, too, think it unfortunate? The snow south of the Yangtze is extremely moist and pretty, like the first indefinable intimation of spring, or the bloom of a young girl radiant with health. In the snowy wilderness are blood-red camellias, pale, white plum blossom tinged with green, and the golden, bell-shaped flowers of the winter plum; while beneath the snow lurk cold green weeds. Butterflies there are certainly none, and whether or no bees come to gather honey from the camellias and plum blossom I cannot clearly remember. But before my eyes I can see the wintry flowers in the snowy wilderness, with bees flying busily to and fro — I can hear their humming and droning.

Seven or eight children, who have gathered to build a snow Buddha, are breathing on their little red fingers, frozen like crimson shoots of ginger. When they are not successful, somebody's father comes to help. The Buddha is higher than the children; and though it is only a pear-shaped mass which might be a gourd or might be a Buddha, it is beautifully white and

结，整个地闪闪地生光。孩子们用龙眼核给他做眼珠，又从谁的母亲的脂粉奁中偷得胭脂来涂在嘴唇上。这回确是一个大阿罗汉了。他也就目光灼灼地嘴唇通红地坐在雪地里。

第二天还有几个孩子来访问他，对他拍手，点头，嘻笑。但他终于独自坐着了。晴天又来消释他的皮肤，寒夜又使他结一层冰，化作不透明的水晶模样，连续的晴天又使他成为不知道算什么，而嘴上的胭脂也褪尽了。

但是，朔方的雪花在纷飞之后，却永远如粉，如沙，他们决不粘连，撒在屋上，地上，枯草上，就是这样。屋上的雪是早已就有消化了的，因为屋里居人的火的温热。别的，在晴天之下，旋风忽来，便蓬勃地奋飞，在日光中灿灿地生光，如包藏火焰的大雾，旋转而且升腾，弥漫太空，使太空旋转而且升腾地闪烁。

在无边的旷野上，在凛冽的天宇下，闪闪地旋转升腾着的是雨的精魂……

dazzling. Held together by its own moisture, the whole figure glitters and sparkles. The children use fruit stones for its eyes, and steal rouge from some mother's vanity-case for its lips. So now it is really a respectable Buddha. With gleaming eyes and scarlet lips, it sits on the snowy ground.

Some children come to visit it the next day. Clapping their hands before it, they nod their heads and laugh. The Buddha just sits there alone. A fine day melts its skin, but a cold night gives it another coat of ice, till it looks like opaque crystal. Then a series of fine days makes it unrecognizable, and the rouge on its lips disappears.

But the snowflakes that fall in the north remain to the last like powder or sand never hold together, whether scattered on roofs, the ground or the withered grass. The warmth from the stoves inside has melted some of the snow on the roofs. As for the rest, when a whirlwind springs up under a clear sky, it flies up wildly, glittering in the sunlight like thick mist around a flame, revolving and rising till it fills the sky, and the whole sky glitters as it whirls and rises.

On the boundless, under heaven's chilly vault, this glittering, spiralling wraith is the ghost of rain. . . .

是的 那是孤独的雪 是死掉的
雨，是雨的精魂。

一九二五年一月十八日。

Yes, it is lonely snow, dead rain, the ghost of
rain.

January 18, 1925

风 箏

北京的冬季，地上还有积雪，灰黑色的秃树枝丫叉于晴朗的天空中，而远处有一二风筝浮动，在我是一种惊异和悲哀。

故乡的风筝时节，是春二月，倘听到沙沙的风轮声，仰头便能看见一个淡墨色的蟹风筝或嫩蓝色的蜈蚣风筝。还有寂寞的瓦片风筝，没有风轮，又放得很低，伶仃地显出憔悴可怜模样。但此时地上的杨柳已经发芽，早的山桃也多吐蕾，和孩子们的天上的点缀相照应，打成一片春日的温和。我现在在那里呢？四面都还是严冬的肃杀，而久经诀别的故乡的久经逝去的春天，却就在这天空中荡漾了。

但我是向来不爱放风筝的，不但不爱，并且嫌恶他，因为我以为这是没出息孩子所做的玩艺。和我相反的是我的小兄弟，他那时大概十岁内外罢，多病，瘦得不堪，然而最喜欢风筝，自己买不起，我又不许放，他只得张着小嘴，呆看着空中出

The Kite

A Peking winter dismays and depresses me: the thick snow on the ground and the bare trees' ashen branches thrusting up towards the clear blue sky, while in the distance one or two kites are floating.

At home, the time for kites is early spring. When you hear the whirr of a wind-wheel, you raise your head to see a grey crab-kite or a soft blue centipede-kite. Or there may be a solitary tile-kite, without wind-wheel and flown too low, looking pathetically lonely and forlorn. By this time, though, the willows on the ground are putting out shoots, and the early mountain peaches have budded. Set off by the children's fancy-work in the sky, together they make up the warmth of spring. Where am I now? All round me dread winter reigns, while the long-departed spring of my long-forgotten home is floating in this northern sky.

Yet I never liked flying kites. Far from liking kites, in fact, I detested them as playthings of good-for-nothing children. My young brother was just the reverse. He must then have been about ten, often fell ill and was fearfully thin, but his greatest delight was kites. Unable to buy one and forbidden by me to fly one, he would stand for hours at a time, his small lips

神，有时至于小半日。远处的蟹风筝突然落下来了，他惊呼；两个瓦片风筝的缠绕解开了，他高兴得跳跃。他的这些，在我看来都是笑柄，可鄙的。

有一天，我忽然想起，似乎多日不很看见他了，但记得曾见他在后园拾枯竹。我恍然大悟似的，便跑向少有人去的一间堆积杂物的小屋去，推开门，果然就在尘封的什物堆中发见了他。他向着大方凳，坐在小凳上，便很惊惶地站了起来，失了色瑟缩着。大方凳旁靠着一个胡蝶风筝的竹骨，还没有糊上纸，凳上是一对做眼睛用的小风轮，正用红纸条装饰着，将要完工了。我在破获秘密的满足中，又很愤怒他的瞒了我的眼睛，这样苦心孤诣地来偷做没出息孩子的玩艺。我即刻伸手折断了胡蝶的一支翅骨，又将风轮掷在地下，踏扁了。论长幼，论力气，他是都敌不过我的，我当然得到完全的胜利，于是傲然走出，留他绝望地站在小屋里。后来他怎样，我不知道，也没有留心。

parted in longing, gazing raptly at the sky. If a distant crab-kite suddenly came down, he would utter a cry of dismay; if the strings of two tile-kites became disentangled, he would jump and skip for joy. This struck me as absurd and contemptible.

One day it occurred to me I had not seen much of him lately, but I had noticed him picking up bamboo sticks in the backyard. The truth dawned on me in a flash. I ran to a small deserted store-room and, sure enough, as I pushed open the door, I discovered him there in the midst of the dusty debris. He had been sitting on a foot-stool in front of a big square stool; but now, standing up in confusion, he changed colour and shrank back. Propped up against the big stool was the bamboo framework of a butterfly-kite, not pasted yet with paper; while on the stool lay two small wind-wheels for the butterfly's eyes, which he had just been beautifying with red paper. This work was nearly done. I was pleased to have found out his secret; but furious that he could deceive me so long, while he toiled so single-heartedly to make the toy of a good-for-nothing child. I seized the framework at once and broke one of its wings, then swept the wheels to the ground and trampled on them. In size and strength he was no match for me; so of course I came off completely victorious. Then I stalked out proudly, leaving him standing in despair in that little room. What he did after that I neither knew nor cared.

然而我的惩罚终于轮到了，在我们离别得很久之后，我已经是中年。我不幸偶而看到一本外国的讲论儿童的书，才知道游戏是儿童最正当的行为，玩具是儿童的天使。于是二十年来毫不忆及的幼小时候对于精神的虐杀的这一幕，忽地在眼前展开，而我的心也仿佛同时变了铅块，很重很重的堕下去了。

但心又不竟堕下去而至于断绝，他只是很重很重地堕着，堕着。

我也知道补过的方法的：送他风筝，赞成他放，劝他放，我和他一同放。我们嚷着，跑着，笑着。——然而他其时已经和我一样，早已有了胡子了。

我也知道还有一个补过的方法的：去讨他的宽恕。等他说：“我可是毫不怪你呵。”那么，我的心一定就轻松了，这确是一个可行的方法。有一回，我们会面的时候，是脸上都已添刻了许多“生”的辛苦的条纹，而我的心很沉重。我们渐渐谈起儿时的旧事来，我便叙述到这一节，自说少年时代的胡涂。“我可是毫不怪你呵。”我想，他要说了，我即刻便受了宽恕，我的心从此也宽松了罢。

“有过这样的事么？”他惊异地笑着说，就像旁听着别人的故事一样。他什么也不记得了。

But retribution came to me at last, long after our parting, when I was already middle-aged. I was unlucky enough to read a foreign book on children, from which I learned for the first time that play is a child's best occupation, and playthings his good angels. At once this childhood tyranny over the spirit, forgotten for more than twenty years, came to my mind; and that instant my heart seemed to turn to lead and sink heavily down and down.

My heart did not break; it simply sank down and down.

I knew how I could make it up to him: give him a kite, approve of his flying it, urge him to fly it, and fly it with him. We could shout, run, laugh!... But by this time he, like me, had long had a moustache.

I knew another way I could make it up to him: go to ask his forgiveness, and wait for him to say: "But I didn't blame you at all." Then, surely, my heart would grow lighter. Yes, this way was feasible. There came a day when we met. The hardships of life had left their marks on our faces, and my heart was very heavy. We fell to talking of childhood happenings, and I referred to this episode, admitting that I had been a thoughtless boy. "But I didn't blame you at all," I thought he would say. Then I should have felt forgiven, and my heart would henceforth have been lighter.

"Did that really happen?" he smiled incredulously, as if he were hearing a tale about someone else. It

全然忘却 毫无怨恨 又有什么宽恕之可言呢？无怨的怨，说谎罢了。

我还能希求什么呢？我的心只得沉重着。

现在，故乡的春天又在这异地的空中了，既给我久经逝去的儿时的回忆，而一并也带着无可把握的悲哀。我倒不如躲到肃杀的严冬中去罢，——但是，四面又明明是严冬，正给我非常的寒威和冷气。

一九二五年一月二十四日。

had slipped his mind completely.

The thing was completely forgotten, with no hard feelings. In that case, what forgiveness could there be? Without hard feelings, forgiveness is a lie.

What hope is there for me now? My heart will always be heavy.

Now the spring of my home is in the air of these strange parts again. It carries me back to my long-departed childhood, and brings with it an indefinable sadness. I had better hide in dread winter. But clearly all about me winter reigns, and is even now offering me its utmost rigour and coldness.

January 24, 1925

好的故事

灯火渐渐地缩小了，在预告石油的已经不多；石油又不是老牌，早熏得灯罩很昏暗。鞭爆的繁响在四近，烟草的烟雾在身边：是昏沉的夜。

我闭了眼睛，向后一仰，靠在椅背上，捏着《初学记》的手搁在膝髁上。

我在朦胧中，看见一个好的故事。

这故事很美丽，幽雅，有趣。许多美的人和美的事，错综起来像一天云锦，而且万颗奔星似的飞动着，同时又展开去，以至于无穷。

我仿佛记得曾坐小船经过山阴道，两岸边的乌桕，新禾，野花，鸡，狗，丛树和枯树，茅屋，塔，伽蓝，农夫和村妇，村女，晒着的衣裳，和尚，蓑笠，天，云，竹，……都倒影在澄碧的小河中，随着每一打桨，各各夹带了闪烁的日光，并水里的萍藻游鱼，

The Good Story

The lamp flame slowly dwindled, a sign that there was not much paraffin left; and the paraffin, which was not of the best brand, had already blackened the chimney with its smoke. Crackers exploded on all sides, and cigarette smoke hung round me. It was a dull, dark night.

I closed my eyes and leaned against the back of my chair, resting the hand holding *A Beginner's Notebook* on my knee.

And in this drowsy state I saw a good story.

It was a lovely, charming, enthralling story. Many beautiful people and beautiful things mingled like the cloud tapestry in the sky, flying past like a myriad shooting stars, yet stretching out into infinity.

I seem to remember rowing a small boat past an ancient highway. On both banks, reflected in the azure stream, were tallow trees and young rice plants, wild flowers, fowl, dogs, bushes and withered trees, thatched cottages, pagodas, monasteries, farmers and country women, country girls, clothes hanging out to dry, monks, coir capes, hats of bamboo splints, sky, clouds and bamboos. Following each stroke of the oar they caught the flickering sunlight and mingled with the

一同荡漾。诸影诸物：无不解散，而且摇动，扩大，互相融和，刚一融和，却又退缩，复近于原形。边缘都参差如夏云头，镶着日光，发出水银色焰。凡是我所经过的河，都是如此。

现在我所见的故事也如此。水中的青天的底子，一切事物统在上面交错，织成一篇，永是生动，永是展开，我看不见这一篇的结束。

河边枯柳树下的几株瘦削的一丈红，该是村女种的罢。大红花和斑红花，都在水里面浮动，忽而碎散，拉长了，缕缕的胭脂水，然而没有晕。茅屋，狗，塔，村女，云，……也都浮动着。大红花一朵朵全被拉长了，这时是泼刺奔进的红锦带。带织入狗中，狗织入白云中，白云织入村女中……在一瞬间，他们又将退缩了。但斑红花影也已碎散，伸长，就要织进塔、村女、狗、茅屋、云里去。

现在我所见的故事清楚起来了，美丽，幽雅，有趣，而且分明。青

fish and weeds in the water, till all were swaying together. Then shadows and objects shivered and scattered, expanded and merged; but as soon as they merged they contracted once more, and approached their original form. The outline of each shadow was blurred as a summer cloud fringed with sunlight, darting out quicksilver flames. All the river I passed was like this.

And the story I now saw was like this too. With the blue sky in the water as a background, everything was intermingled, interwoven, ever moving, ever extending, so that I could not see any end to it.

The few sparse hollyhocks beneath the withered willows by the stream must have been planted by the country girls. Great crimson flowers and variegated red flowers, floating in the water, suddenly scattered and stretched out into streamers of crimson water, but with no aura. The thatched cottages, dogs, pagodas, country girls, clouds... were floating too. Each of the great crimson flowers stretched out now into rippling red silk belts. The belts interwove with the dogs, the dogs with the white clouds, and the white clouds with the country girls.... In a twinkling they would contract again. But the reflection of the variegated red flowers was already broken and stretching out to interweave with the pagodas, country girls, dogs, thatched cottages and clouds.

Now the story that I saw became clearer, more lovely, charming, enthralling and distinct. Above the

天上面，有无数美的人和美的事，我——看见，——知道。

我就要凝视他们……。

我正要凝视他们时，骤然一惊，睁开眼，云锦也已皱蹙，凌乱，仿佛有谁掷一块大石下河水中，水波陡然起立，将整篇的影子撕成片片了。我无意识地赶忙捏住几乎坠地的《初学记》，眼前还剩着几点虹霓色的碎影。

我真爱这一篇好的故事，趁碎影还在，我要追回他，完成他，留下他。我抛了书，欠身伸手去取笔，——何尝有一丝碎影，只见昏暗的灯光，我不在小船里了。

但我总记得见过这一篇好的故事，在昏沉的夜……。

一九二五年二月二十四日。

clear sky were countless beautiful people and beautiful things. I saw them all, and I recognized them all.

I was about to look more closely at them. . . .

But as I was about to look more closely at them, I opened my eyes with a start to see the cloud tapestry wrinkle and tangle as if someone has thrown a big stone into the water, so that waves leapt up and tore the whole image to shreds. I snatched without thinking at my book, which had nearly slipped to the floor. Before my eyes still hovered a few rainbow-hued, shattered reflections.

I really loved this good story. While some shattered reflections still remained I wanted to catch them, perfect and perpetuate them. I tossed aside my book, leaned forward and reached for my pen. But now there was not the least reflection left. All I could see was dim lamplight. I was no longer in the little boat.

But I still remember seeing this good story that dull, dark night. . . .

February 24, 1925

过 客

时

或一日的黄昏。

地

或一处。

人

老翁——约七十岁，白须发，
黑长袍。

女孩——约十岁，紫发，乌眼
珠，白地黑方格长衫。

过客——约三四十岁，状态
困顿倔强，眼光阴沉，
黑须，乱发，黑色短衣
裤皆破碎，赤足著破
鞋，腋下挂一个口袋，
支着等身的竹杖。

东，是几株杂树和瓦砾；西，
是荒凉破败的丛葬；其间有
一条似路非路的痕迹。一间
小土屋向这痕迹开着一扇
门；门侧有一段枯树根。

（女孩正要将坐在树根上的
老翁搀起。）

翁——孩子。喂，孩子！怎么
不动了呢？

The Passer-By

TIME: *some evening.*

PLACE: *somewhere.*

CHARACTERS: THE OLD MAN — *about seventy, white beard and hair, a black gown.*

THE GIRL — *about ten, auburn hair, black eyes, a gown with black squares on a white background.*

THE PASSER-BY — *between thirty and forty, tired and crabbed, with a smouldering gaze, black moustache and tousled hair; ragged black jacket and trousers, bare feet in shabby shoes. A sack on his arm, he leans on a bamboo pole as tall as he is.*

To the east, a few trees and ruins; to the west, a forlorn graveyard; between them a faint track. A little mud but has its door open facing this track. Beside the door is a dead tree stump.

(The GIRL is about to help the OLD MAN up from the stump on which he is sitting.)

OLD MAN: Hey child! Why have you stopped?

GIRL (*looking eastward*): There's someone coming. Look!

孩——(向东望着,)有谁走来了,看一看罢。

翁——不用看他。扶我进去罢。太阳要下去了。

孩——我,——看一看。

翁——唉,你这孩子!天天看见天,看见土,看见风,还不够好看么?什么也不比这些好看。你偏是要看谁。太阳下去时候出现的东西,不会给你什么好处的。……还是进去罢。

孩——可是,已经近来了。阿阿,是一个乞丐。

翁——乞丐?不见得罢。

(过客从东面的杂树间踉跄走出,暂时踌躇之后,慢慢地走近老翁去。)

客——老丈,你晚上好?

翁——阿,好!托福。你好?

客——老丈,我实在冒昧,我想在你那里讨一杯水喝。我走得渴极了。这地方又没有个池塘,一个水洼。

翁——唔,可以可以。你请坐罢。(向女孩,)孩子,你拿水来,杯子要洗干净。

(女孩默默地走进土屋去。)

翁——客官,你请坐。你怎么称呼的。

客——称呼?——我不知道。从我还能记得的时候起,我就只一个人,我不知道我本来叫什么。我

OLD MAN: Never mind. Help me inside. The sun is setting.

GIRL: I . . . want to have a look.

OLD MAN: What a child you are! You can see heaven, earth and the wind every day; isn't that enough for you? There is nothing else so worth looking at. Yet you want to see who's coming. Anyone who appears at sunset can't do you any good. . . . We'd better go in.

GIRL: But he's already quite close. Ah, it's a beggar.

OLD MAN: A beggar? That isn't likely.

(*The PASSER-BY limps out from the bushes on the east, and after a moment's hesitation walks slowly up to the OLD MAN.*)

PASSER-BY: Good evening, sir.

OLD MAN: Thank you. Good evening.

PASSER-BY: Sir, may I make so bold as to ask for a cup of water? I am parched after walking, and there's not a pool or water-hole to be found.

OLD MAN: Yes, that's all right. Please sit down. (*To the GIRL.*) Child, fetch some water. See that the cup is clean.

(*The GIRL walks silently into the hut.*)

OLD MAN: Please sit down, stranger. What is your name?

PASSER-BY: My name? That I don't know. Ever since I can remember, I've been on my own; so I don't

一路走，有时人们也随便称呼我，各式各样地，我也记不清楚了，况且相同的称呼也没有听到过第二回。

翁——阿阿。那么，你是从那里来的呢？

客——（略略迟疑，）我不知道。从我还能记得的时候起，我就在这么走。

翁——对了。那么，我可以问你到那里去么？

客——自然可以。——但是，我不知道。从我还能记得的时候起，我就在这么走，要走到一个地方去，这地方就在前面。我单记得走了许多路，现在来到这里了。我接着就要走向那边去（西指，前面！

（女孩小心地捧出一个木杯来，递去。）

客——（接杯，）多谢，姑娘。（将水两口喝尽，还杯，）多谢，姑娘。这真是少有的好意。我真不知道应该怎样感激！

翁——不要这么感激。这于你是没有好处的。

客——是的，这于我没有好处。可是我现在很恢复了些力气了。我就要前去。老丈，你大约是久住在这里的，你可知道前面是怎么一个所在么？

翁——前面？前面，是坟。

know my real name. As I go on my way, people call me by this name or that as the fancy takes them. But I can't remember them, and I have never been called by the same name twice.

OLD MAN: I see. Well, where are you from?

PASSER-BY (*hesitating*): I don't know. Ever since I can remember, I have been walking like this.

OLD MAN: All right. Then may I ask you where you are going?

PASSER-BY: Of course you may. The thing is, I don't know. Ever since I can remember, I have been walking like this, on my way to some place ahead. All I can remember is that I have walked a long way, and now I have arrived here. I shall push on that way (*he points west*) ahead!

(*The GIRL carefully carries out a wooden cup of water and gives it to him.*)

PASSER-BY (*taking the cup*): Thank you, lass. (*He drinks the water in two gulps, and returns the cup.*) Thank you, lass. It is rare to meet with such kindness. I really don't know how to thank you.

OLD MAN: There is no need to be so grateful. It won't do you any good.

PASSER-BY: No, it won't do me any good. But I feel much better now. I shall push on. You must have been here for quite a long time, sir. Do you know what kind of place that is ahead?

OLD MAN: Ahead? Ahead are graves.

客——(诧异地) 坟 ?

孩——不 , 不 , 不的。那里有许多许多野百合 , 野蔷薇 , 我常常去玩 , 去看他们的。

客——(西顾 , 仿佛微笑 ,) 不错。那些地方有许多许多野百合 , 野蔷薇 , 我也常常去玩过 , 去看过的。但是 , 那是坟。(向老翁 ,) 老丈 , 走完了那坟地之后呢 ?

翁——走完之后 ? 那我可不知道。我没有走过。

客——不知道 ?!

孩——我也不知道。

翁——我单知道南边 北边 东边 , 你的来路。那是我最熟悉的地方 , 也许倒是于你们最好的地方。你莫怪我多嘴 据我看来 你已经这么劳顿了 还不如回转去 因为你前去也料不定可能走完。

客——料不定可能走完 ?
(沉思 忽然惊起 , 那不行 我只得走。回到那里去 , 就没一处没有名目 没一处没有地主 没一处没有驱逐和牢笼 , 没一处没有皮面的笑容 , 没一处没有眶外的眼泪。我憎恶他们 , 我不回转去 !

翁——那也不然。你也会遇见心底的眼泪 , 为你的悲哀。

PASSER-BY (*startled*): Graves?

GIRL: No, no no! There are ever so many wild roses and lilies there. I often go there to play, to look at them.

PASSER-BY (*looking west, appears to smile*): Yes, there are many wild roses and lilies there; I have often gone there myself to enjoy looking at them. But those are graves. (*To the OLD MAN.*) Sir, what lies beyond the graveyard?

OLD MAN: Beyond the graveyard? That I don't know. I have never been beyond.

PASSER-BY: You don't know!

GIRL: I don't know either.

OLD MAN: All I know is the south, the north and the east where you come from. Those are the places I know best, and they may be the best places for such as you. Don't take offence at what I say, but you are already so tired I think you would do better to go back; because if you keep on you may never reach the end of your journey.

PASSER-BY: I may never reach the end? ... (*He thinks this over, then starts up.*) Impossible! I must go on. If I go back, there's not a place without celebrities, not a place without landlords, not a place without expulsion and cages, not a place without smiles on the face and hypocritical tears. I hate them. I am not going back.

OLD MAN : You may be wrong . You may come

客——不。我不愿看见他们心底的眼泪，不要他们为我的悲哀！

翁——那么，你（摇头），你只得走了。

客——是的，我只得走了。况且还有声音常在前面催促我，叫唤我，使我息不下。可恨的是我的脚早经走破了，有许多伤，流了许多血（举起一足给老人看），因此，我的血不够了；我要喝些血。但血在那里呢？可是我也不愿意喝无论谁的。我只得喝些水，来补充我的血。一路上总有水，我倒也并没有什么不足。只是我的力气太稀薄了，血里面太多了水的缘故罢。今天连一个小水洼也遇不到，也就是少走了路的缘故罢。

翁——那也未必。太阳下去了，我想，还不如休息一会的好罢，像我似的。

客——但是，那前面的声音叫我走。

翁——我知道。

客——你知道？你知道那声音么？

翁——是的。他似乎曾经也叫过我。

across some tears that spring from the heart, some genuine compassion.

PASSER-BY: No. I have no wish to see the tears that spring from their hearts. I do not want their compassion.

OLD MAN: In that case, (*he shakes his head*) you will have to go on.

PASSER-BY: Yes, I have to go on. Besides, there is a voice ahead urging me on and calling me so that I cannot rest. The trouble is my feet are so gashed and cut through walking that I've lost a good deal of blood. (*He raises one foot to show the OLD MAN.*) I haven't got enough blood; I need to drink some. But where can I find it? Besides, I don't want to drink just anyone's blood. I have to drink water instead to make up for it. There is always water on the way; indeed I have never felt any lack of it. But my strength is draining away just because there is too much water in my blood. And if I walked less far today it's because I found not a single small water-hole.

OLD MAN: That may not be the reason. The sun has set; I think you had better rest for a while, like me.

PASSER-BY: But the voice ahead is telling me to push on.

OLD MAN: I know.

PASSER-BY: You know? You know that voice?

OLD MAN: Yes. It seems to have called to me

客——那也就是现在叫我的声音么？

翁——那我可不知道。他也就是叫过几声，我不理他，他也就不叫了，我也就记不清楚了。

客——唉唉，不理他……（沉思，忽然吃惊，倾听着，）不行，我还是走的好。我息不下。可恨我的脚早经走破了（准备走路。）

孩——给你！（递给一片布，）裹上你的伤去。

客——多谢（接取，）姑娘。这真是……。这真是极少有的好意。这能使我可以走更多的路。（就断砖坐下，要将布缠在踝上，但是不行，竭力站起，）姑娘，还了你罢，还是裹不下。况且这太多的好意，我没法感激。

翁——你不要这么感激，这于你没有好处。

客——是的，这于我没有什么好处。但在我，这布施是最上的东西了。你看，我全身上可有这样的。

翁——你不要当真就是。

客——是的。但是我不能。我怕我会这样：倘使我得到了谁的布施，我就要像兀鹰看见死尸一样，

before as well.

PASSER-BY: The same voice that is calling me now?

OLD MAN: That I can't say. It called me several times, but I ignored it, so then it stopped; that's all I can remember.

PASSER-BY: Ah, you ignored it. . . . (*He thinks this over, gives a start and listens.*) No! I must go on. I can't rest. It's a pity that my feet are in such bad shape. (*He prepares to leave.*)

GIRL: Here! (*She gives him a piece of cloth.*) Bandage your feet.

PASSER-BY: Thank you, lass. (*He takes the cloth.*) Really. . . . Really such kindness is rare. With this I can walk further. (*He sits down on some rubble and is about to bind the cloth round his ankle.*) No, this won't do (*He struggles to his feet.*) Take it back, lass. It's not enough for a bandage. Besides, this is really too kind, and I don't know how to thank you.

OLD MAN: No need to thank her; it won't do you any good.

PASSER-BY: No, it won't do me any good. But to me this is the finest alms of all. Look, can you see anything comparable on me?

OLD MAN: You need not take it so seriously.

PASSER-BY: I know. But I can't help it. I'm afraid this is my way. If I were to receive alms, I would be like a vulture catching sight of a corpse and

在四近徘徊 祝愿她的灭亡 给我亲自看见；或者咒诅她以外的一切全都灭亡 连我自己 因为我就应该得到咒诅。但是我还没有这样的力量 即使有这力量 我也不愿意她有这样的境遇，因为她们大概总不愿意有这样的境遇。我想，这最稳当。
(向女孩，姑娘，你这布片太好，可是太小一点了，还了你罢。

孩——(惊惧，退后，)我不要了！你带走！

客——(似笑，)哦哦，……因为我拿过了？

孩——(点头，指口袋，)你装在那里，去玩玩。

客——(颓唐地退后，)但这背在身上，怎么走呢？……

翁——你息不下，也就背不动。——休息一会，就没有什么了。

客——对咧，休息……。 (默想，但忽然惊醒，倾听。)不 我不能！我还是走好。

翁——你总不愿意休息么？

客——我愿意休息。

翁——那么，你就休息一会罢。

客——但是，我不能……。

翁——你总还是觉得走好么？

hovering overhead, longing to see her destruction with my own eyes. Or I might call down destruction on everything except her, myself included, for I myself deserve it. But I'm not yet strong enough for that. Even if I were, I wouldn't want her to come to such an end, because such an end, is one they mostly dislike. I think this way is soundest. (*To the GIRL.*) This piece of cloth is perfect, but a hit too small. So I'll give it back to you.

GIRL (*falling back, frightened*): I don't want it! Take it.

PASSER-BY (*with something like a smile*): Ah. . . . Because I've held it?

GIRL (*nods and points at his sack*): Keep it in there, for fun.

PASSER-BY (*stepping back in dismay*): But how am I to walk with this on my back?

OLD MAN: It's because you won't rest that you can't carry anything. Rest a while, then you'll be all right.

PASSER-BY: That's right, a rest. . . . (*He reflects, then gives a start and listens.*) No, I cannot! I had better go.

OLD MAN: You don't want to rest?

PASSER-BY: I do.

OLD MAN: Well then, rest a while.

PASSER-BY: But I cannot. . . .

OLD MAN : You still think you had better go on ?

客——是的。还是走好。

翁——那么，你也还是走好罢。

客——（将腰一伸，）好，我告别了。我很感谢你们。（向着女孩，）姑娘，这还你，请你收回去。

（女孩惊惧，敛手，要躲进土屋里去。）

翁——你带去罢。要是太重了，可以随时抛在坟地里面的。

孩——（走向前，）阿阿，那不行！

客——阿阿，那不行的。

翁——那么，你挂在野百合野蔷薇上就是了。

孩——（拍手，）哈哈！好！

客——哦哦……。

（极暂时中，沉默。）

翁——那么，再见了。祝你平安。（站起，向女孩，）孩子，扶我进去罢。你看，太阳早已下去了。（转身向门。）

客——多谢你们。祝你们平安。（徘徊，沉思，忽然吃惊，）然而我不能！我只得走。我还是走好罢……。（即刻昂了头，奋然向西走去。）

PASSER-BY: Yes, I had better go on.

OLD MAN: Very well, you must go then.

PASSER-BY(*stretching himself*): Good, I'll say good-bye then. I am very grateful to you. (*To the GIRL.*) I'll give this back to you, lass. Please take it back.

(*Frightened, the GIRL draws back her hand and wants to take refuge in the hut.*)

OLD MAN: Take it. If it's too heavy, you can throw it away in the graveyard any time.

GIRL(*steps forward*): Oh no, that won't do!

OLD MAN: Well then, hang it on one of the wild roses or lilies.

GIRL(*claps her hands, laughing*): Good!

PASSER-BY: Ah. . . .

(*For a second there is silence.*)

OLD MAN: Good-bye then. Peace be with you. (*He stands up and turns to the GIRL.*) Child, help me inside. Look, the sun has already set. (*He turns to the door.*)

PASSER-BY: Thank you both. May peace be with you. (*He takes a few steps, deep in thought, then starts.*) But I cannot! I must leave. I had better go. . . . (*Raising his head, he walks resolutely towards the west.*)

(*The GIRL helps the OLD MAN into the hut,*

(女孩扶老人走进土屋 随即阖了门。过客向野地里跄踉地闯进去 夜色跟在他后面。)

一九二五年三月二日。

then shuts the door . The PASSER-BY limps on towards the wilderness , and night falls behind him .)

March 2, 1925

死 火

我梦见自己在冰山间奔驰。

这是高大的冰山，上接冰天，天上冻云弥漫，片片如鱼鳞模样。山麓有冰树林，枝叶都如松杉。一切冰冷，一切青白。

但我忽然坠在冰谷中。

上下四旁无不冰冷，青白。而一切青白冰上，却有红影无数，纠结如珊瑚网。我俯看脚下，有火焰在。

这是死火。有炎炎的形，但毫不摇动，全体冰结，像珊瑚枝；尖端还有凝固的黑烟，疑这才从火宅中出，所以枯焦。这样，映在冰的四壁，而且互相反映，化为无量数影，使这冰谷，成红珊瑚色。

哈哈！

当我幼小的时候，本就爱看快舰激起的浪花，洪炉喷出的烈焰。不但爱看，还想看清。可惜他们都

Dead Fire

I dreamed that I was running along the mountain of ice.

It was a huge, towering mountain, reaching to the icy sky above; and the sky was flooded with frozen clouds, each fragment like a fish scale. At the foot of the mountain was the forest of ice, with leaves and branches like the pine and cypress. And all was icy cold, pale as ashes.

But suddenly I fell into the valley of ice.

All around, above and below, was icy cold, pale as ashes. Yet over the pallid ice lay countless red shadows, interlacing like a web of coral. Looking beneath my feet, I saw a flame.

This was dead fire. It had a fiery form, but was absolutely still, completely congealed, like branches of coral with frozen black smoke at their tips which looked scorched as of fresh from a fire-place. And so, casting reflections upon the ice all around and being reflected back, it had been turned into countless shadows, making the valley of ice as red as coral.

Aha!

As a child, I always liked to watch the foam ploughed up by swift ships or the fiery flames belched

息息变幻，永无定形。虽然凝视又凝视，总不留下怎样一定的迹象。

死的火焰，现在先得到了你了！

我拾起死火，正要细看，那冷气已经使我的指头焦灼；但是，我还熬着，将他塞入衣袋中间。冰谷四面，登时完全青白。我一面思索着走出冰谷的法子。

我的身上喷出一缕黑烟，上升如铁线蛇。冰谷四面，又登时满有红焰流动，如大火聚，将我包围。我低头一看，死火已经燃烧，烧穿了我的衣裳，流在冰地上了。

“唉，朋友！你用了你的温热，将我惊醒了。”他说。

我连忙和他招呼，问他名姓。

“我原先被人遗弃在冰谷中，”他答非所问地说，“遗弃我的早已灭亡，消尽了。我也被冰冻冻得要死。倘使你不给我温热，使我重行烧起，我不久就须灭亡。”

“你的醒来，使我欢喜。我正在想着走出冰谷的方法；我愿意携带

out from a blazing furnace. Not only did I like to watch them, I longed to see them clearly. The pity was they kept changing all the time, and never retained a fixed form. However hard I gazed, I was never left with a clear-cut impression.

Dead flame, now at last I had you!

As I picked up the dead fire to examine it closely, its iciness seared my fingers; but enduring the pain I thrust it into my pocket. The whole valley instantly turned as pale as ashes. At the same time I wondered how to leave this place.

From my body wreathed a coil of black smoke, which reared up like a wire snake. Instantly crimson flames began flowing everywhere, hemming me in like a great conflagration. Looking down, I discovered the dead fire was burning again, had burnt through my clothes and was flowing on the icy ground.

“Ah, friend!” it said. “You awoke me with your warmth!”

I immediately hailed it, and asked its name.

“I was abandoned by men in the valley of ice,” it said, ignoring my question. “Those who abandoned me have already perished and vanished. And I was nearly frozen to death by that ice. If you had not warmed me and made me burn again, before long I should have perished.”

“I am glad you have awoken. I was just wondering how to leave this valley of ice, and I would like to

你去 ,使你永不冰结 永得燃烧。”

“ 唉唉 那么 ,我将烧完 !”

“ 你的烧完 ,使我惋惜。我便将你留下 ,仍在这里罢。”

“ 唉唉 那么 ,我将冻灭了 !”

“ 那么 ,怎么办呢 ?”

“ 但你自己 ,又怎么办呢 ?”他反而问。

“ 我说过了 :我要出这冰谷

..... ”

“ 那我就不如烧完 !”

他忽而跃起 如红慧星 并我都出冰谷口外。有大石车突然驰来 ,我终于碾死在车轮底下 ,但我还来得及看见那车就坠入冰谷中。

“ 哈哈 !你们是再也遇不着死火了 !”我得意地笑着说 仿佛就愿意这样似的。

一九二五年四月二十三日。

take you with me so that you may never be frozen but go on burning forever.”

“Ah, no! Then I should burn out.”

“I should be sorry if you were to burn out. I had better leave you here.”

“Ah, no! I should freeze to death.”

“What is to be done then?”

“What will you do yourself?” it countered.

“As I told you, I mean to leave this valley of ice.”

“Then I had better burn out!”

It leapt up like a red comet, and together we left the valley. Suddenly a large stone cart drove up, and I was crushed to death beneath its wheels, but not before I saw the cart fall into the valley of ice.

“Aha! You will never meet the dead fire again.”

I laughed with pleasure as I spoke, as I spoke, as if pleased that this should be so.

April 23, 1925

狗的驳诘

我梦见自己在隘巷中行走，衣履破碎，像乞食者。

一条狗在背后叫起来了。

我傲慢地回顾，叱咤说：

“吠！住口！你这势利的狗！”

“嘻嘻！”他笑了，还接着说，“不敢，愧不如人呢。”

“什么！”我气愤了，觉得这是一个极端的侮辱。

“我惭愧，我终于还不知道分别铜和银；还不知道分别布和绸；还不知道分别官和民；还不知道分别主和奴；还不知道……”

我逃走了。

“且慢，我们再谈天……”他在后面大声挽留。

我一径逃走，尽力地走，直到逃出梦境，躺在自己的床上。

一九二五年四月二十三日。

The Dog's Retort

I dreamed I was walking in a narrow lane, my clothes in rags, like a beggar.

A dog started barking behind me.

I looked back contemptuously and shouted at him:

“Bah! Shut up! Lick-spittle cur!”

He sniggered.

“Oh no!” he said. “I’m not up to man in that respect.”

“What!” Quite outraged, I felt that this was the supreme insult.

“I’m ashamed to say I still don’t know how to distinguish between copper and silver, between silk and cloth, between officials and common citizens, between masters and their slaves, between . . .”

I turned and fled.

“Wait a bit! Let us talk some more . . .” From behind he urged me loudly to stay.

But I ran straight on as fast as I could, until I had run right out of my dream and was back in my own bed.

April 23, 1925

失掉的好地狱

我梦见自己躺在床上，在荒寒的野外，地狱的旁边。一切鬼魂们的叫唤无不低微，然有秩序，与火焰的怒吼，油的沸腾，钢叉的震颤相和鸣，造成醉心的大乐，布告三界，地下太平。

有一伟大的男子站在我面前，美丽，慈悲，遍身有大光辉，然而我知道他是魔鬼。

“一切都已完结，一切都已完结！可怜的鬼魂们将那好的地狱失掉了！”他悲愤地说，于是坐下，讲给我——一个他所知道的故事——

“天地作蜂蜜色的时候，就是魔鬼战胜天神，掌握了主宰一切的大威权的时候。他收得天国，收得人间，也收得地狱。他于是亲临地狱，坐在中央，遍身发大光辉，照见一切鬼众。

“地狱原已废弛得很久了，剑树消却光芒，沸油的边际早不腾涌，大火聚有时不过冒些青烟，远处还萌

The Good Hell That Was Lost

I dreamed I was lying in bed in the wilderness beside hell. The deep yet orderly wailing of all the ghosts blended with the roar of flames, the seething of oil and the clashing of iron prongs to make one vast, intoxicating harmony, proclaiming to all three regions the peace of the lower realm.

Before me stood a great man, beautiful and benign, his whole body radiant with light; but I knew he was the devil.

“This is the end of everything! The end of everything! The wretched ghosts have lost their good hell.”

He spoke with indignation, then sat down to tell me a story that he knew.

“It was when heaven and earth were made honey-coloured that the devil overcame god, and wielded absolute power. He held heaven, earth and hell. Then he came in person to hell and sat in the midst of it, radiating bright light over all the ghosts.

“Hell had long been neglected: the spiked trees had lost their glitter, the verge of the boiling oil no longer seethed, at times the great fires puffed out merely

生曼陀罗花，花极细小，惨白可怜。——那是不足为奇的，因为地上曾经大被焚烧，自然失了他的肥沃。

“鬼魂们在冷油温火里醒来，从魔鬼的光辉中看见地狱小花，惨白可怜，被大蛊惑，倏忽间记起人世，默想至不知几多年，遂同时向着人间，发一声反狱的绝叫。

“人类便应声而起，仗义执言，与魔鬼战斗。战声遍满三界，远过雷霆。终于运大谋略，布大网罗，使魔鬼并且不得不从地狱出走。最后的胜利，是地狱门上也竖了人类的旌旗！

“当鬼魂们一齐欢呼时，人类的整饬地狱使者已临地狱，坐在中央，用了人类的威严，叱咤一切鬼众。

“当鬼魂们又发一声反狱的绝叫时，即已成为人类的叛徒，得到永劫沉沦的罚，迁入剑树林的中央。

“人类于是完全掌握了主宰地狱的大威权，那威棱且在魔鬼以上。人类于是整顿废弛，先给牛首阿旁

a little grey smoke, and far off there still bloomed some mandrake flowers, their blossoms very small, pale and wretched. But that was not to be wondered at, for the earth had been fearfully burnt and had naturally lost its fertility.

“Awaking amid the cold oil and lukewarm fires, by the light or the devil the ghosts saw the small flowers of hell, so pale and wretched, and were completely bewitched. They suddenly remembered the world of men and after reflecting for none knows how many years, they uttered towards mankind a great cry denouncing hell.

“Man responded and arose, upholding the right he fought against the devil. Louder than thunder, the tumult of fighting filled all three regions. At last, by dint of great guile and cunning snares, he forced the devil to withdraw from hell. After the final victory, the flag of mankind was hoisted over the gate of hell.

“The ghosts were still rejoicing together when man’s emissary to reorganize hell arrived. He sat down in the middle of hell, invested with the majesty of man, and ruled over the ghosts.

“When the ghosts uttered another cry denouncing hell, they became rebels against man. Condemned to eternal damnation for this crime, they were banished to the midst of the spiked trees.

“Man then wielded absolute power over hell, his authority exceeding that of the devil. He re-established

以最高的俸草；而且，添薪加火，磨
砺刀山，使地狱全体改观，一洗先前
颓废的气象。

“曼陀罗花立即焦枯了。油一
样沸；刀一样铄；火一样热；鬼众一
样呻吟，一样宛转，至于都不暇记起
失掉的好地狱。

“这是人类的成功，是鬼魂的不
幸……。

“朋友，你在猜疑我了。是的，
你是人！我且去寻野兽和恶鬼
……”
○

一九二五年六月十六日。

order, having given the highest post to the Ox-headed Demon. He also added fuel to the fires, sharpened the swore hills and changed the whole face of hell, doing away with the former decadence.

“At once the mandrake flowers withered. The oil seethed as before, the swords were sharp as before, the fires blazed as before, and the ghosts groaned and writhed as before, until none of them had time to regret the good hell that was lost.

“This was man's success, the ghosts' misfortune. . . .

“Friend, I see you mistrust me. Yes, you are a man. I must go to look for wild beasts and demons. . . .”

June 16, 1925

墓 碣 文

我梦见自己正和墓碣对立，读着上面的刻辞。那墓碣似是沙石所制，剥落很多，又有苔藓丛生，仅存有限的文句——

“……于浩歌狂热之际中寒；于天上看见深渊。于一切眼中看见无所有；于无所希望中得救。……”

“……有一游魂，化为长蛇，口有毒牙。不以啮人，自啮其身，终以殒颠。……”

“……离开！……”

我绕到碣后，才见孤坟，上无草木，且已颓坏。即从大阙口中，窥见死尸，胸腹俱破，中无心肝。而脸上却绝不显哀乐之状，但蒙蒙如烟然。

我在疑惧中不及回身，然而已看见墓碣阴面的残存的文句——

The Epitaph

I dreamed I was standing before the stone tablet of a tomb, reading the inscriptions on it. The tablet, made apparently of sandstone, was crumbling away and over-grown with moss. The fragments left of the inscriptions read:

“... contracted a chill while singing and roistering; saw an abyss in heaven. In all eyes saw nothing; in hopelessness found salvation...”

“... There is a wandering spirit which takes the form of a serpent with poisonous fangs. Instead of biting others, it bites itself, and so it perishes...”

“... Begone! ...”

Not until I went round to the back of the tablet did I see the solitary grave. No plants grew on it, and it was in ruins. Through a large gap I saw the corpses, disem-bowelled, its heart and liver gone. Yet its face bore no trace of either joy or sorrow, but had the inscrutability of smoke.

Before I could turn away in doubt and dread, my eye fell on the mutilated inscription on the back of the tablet:

“决心自食，欲知本味。创痛酷烈，本味何能知？

“痛定之后，徐徐食之。然其心已陈旧，本味又何由知？

“答我。否则，离开！

.....”

我就要离开。而死尸已在坟中坐起，口唇不动，然而说——

“ 待我成尘时，你将见我的微笑！”

我疾走，不敢回顾，生怕看见他的追随。

一九二五年六月十七日。

“... I tore out my heart to eat it, wanting to know its true taste. But the pain was so agonizing, how could I tell its taste?...

“... When the pain subsided I savoured the heart slowly. But since by then it was stale, how could I know its true taste?...

“... Answer me. Or, begone! ...”

I was eager to be gone. But the corpse had sat up in the grave. Without moving its lips, it said:

“When I turn to ashes, you will see me smile!”

I hurried away, not daring to look back, for fear I see it coming after me.

June 17, 1925

颓败线的颤动

我梦见自己在做梦。自身不知所在，眼前却有一间在深夜中紧闭的小屋的内部，但也看见屋上瓦松的茂密的森林。

板桌上的灯罩是新拭的，照得屋子里分外明亮。在光明中，在破榻上，在初不相识的披毛的强悍的肉块底下，有瘦弱渺小的身躯，为饥饿，苦痛，惊异，羞辱，欢欣而颤动。弛缓，然而尚且丰腴的皮肤光润了；青白的两颊泛出轻红，如铅上涂了胭脂水。

灯火也因惊惧而缩小了，东方已经发白。

然而空中还弥漫地摇动着饥饿，苦痛，惊异，羞辱，欢欣的波涛……。

“妈！”约略两岁的女孩被门的开阖声惊醒，在草席围着的屋角的地面上叫起来了。

“还早哩，再睡一会罢！”她惊惶地说。

Tremors of Degradation

I dreamed that I was dreaming. I had no idea where I was, but before me was the interior of a tightly closed cottage late at night, and yet I could also see the dense growth of stonecrop on the roof.

The globe of the paraffin lamp on the wooden table had been newly polished, making the room very bright. In this light, on the rickety couch, under the hairy, muscular flesh of a stranger, a slight frail body trembled with hunger, pain, shock, humiliation and pleasure. The skin, slack but still blooming, glowed; the pale cheeks flushed faintly, like lead painted with liquid rouge.

And the lamp flame too shrank with fear, for the east was already light.

However, the air was still pervaded, pulsating, with a wave of hunger, pain, shock, humiliation and pleasure. . . .

“Ma!” A little girl of about two, awakened by the door creaking open and shut, cried out from the floor in one corner of the room screened off by a straw mat.

“It’s still early. Go back to sleep,” urged her

“妈，我饿，肚子痛。我们今天能有什么吃的？”

“我们今天有吃的了。等一会儿有卖烧饼的来，妈就买给你。”她欣慰地更加紧捏着掌中的小银片，低微的声音悲凉地发抖，走近屋角去一看她的女儿，移开草席，抱起来放在破榻上。

“还早哩，再睡一会罢。”她说着，同时抬起眼睛，无可告诉地一看破旧的屋顶以上的天空。

空中突然另起了一个很大的波涛，和先前的相撞击，回旋而成旋涡，将一切并我尽行淹没，口鼻都不能呼吸。

我呻吟着醒来，窗外满是如银的月色，离天明还很辽远似的。

我自身不知所在，眼前却有一间在深夜中紧闭的小屋的内部，我自己知道是在续着残梦。可是梦的年代隔了许多年了。屋的内外已经这样整齐，里面是青年的夫妻，一群小孩子，都怨恨鄙夷地对着一个垂老的女人。

“我们没有脸见人，就只因为你，”男人气忿地说。“你还以为养

mother, disconcerted.

“I’m hungry, ma. My tummy aches. Will we have anything to eat today?”

“Yes, we will. When the pieman comes, I’ll buy you some sesame cakes.” For reassurance she tightened her grip on the small silver coin in her hand, her low voice trembling with grief as she went to the corner of the room, moved away the matting, picked up the child, and laid her on the rickety couch.

“It’s still early. Go back to sleep.” As she spoke she raised her eyes helplessly towards the sky visible above the tumble-down roof.

Suddenly another great wave sprang up in the air, colliding with the first and whirling to form a maelstrom which swallowed up everything, myself included, so that I was unable to breathe.

I woke up groaning. Outside the window all was silver moonlight. Dawn still seemed far away.

I had no idea where I was, but since before me was the interior of a tightly closed cottage late at night, I knew that this was the continuation of my last dream. However, many years had passed in the dream. The cottage was well kept now inside and out; within it, a young couple and a troop of children resentfully and contemptuously confronted an elderly woman.

“All because of you, we can’t face the world,” the man fumed. “You imagine you raised her, but in

大了她，其实正是害苦了她，倒不如小时候饿死的好！”

“使我委屈一世的就是你！”女的说。

“还要带累了我！”男的说。

“还要带累他们哩！”女的说 指着孩子们。

最小的一个正玩着一片干芦叶，这时便向空中一挥。仿佛一柄钢刀，大声说道：

“杀！”

那垂老的女人口角正在痉挛，登时一怔，接着便都平静，不多时候，她冷静地，骨立的石像似的站起来了。她开开板门，迈步在深夜中走出，遗弃了背后一切的冷骂和毒笑。

她在深夜中尽走，一直走到无边的荒野；四面都是荒野，头上只有高天，并无一个虫鸟飞过。她赤身露体地，石像似的站在荒野的中央，于一刹那间照见过往的一切：饥饿，苦痛，惊异，羞辱，欢欣，于是发抖；害苦，委屈，带累，于是痉挛，杀，于是平静。……又于一刹那间将一切并合：眷念与决绝，爱抚与复仇，养育与歼除，祝福与咒诅。……她于是举两手尽量向天，口唇间漏出人

fact you ruined her. It would have been better for her to starve to death while she was small."

"You wrecked my whole life," cried the woman.

"And involved me too," said the man.

"Involved them as well." His wife pointed to the children.

The youngest, who was playing with a dry reed, now brandished it like a sword and shouted:

"Kill!"

The elderly woman's lips twitched convulsively, she started, then calmed down, and presently she was standing there as impassively as a stone statue. She opened the door and walked out into the depth of night, leaving behind her all derisive taunts and vicious laughter.

She walked on and on through the depth of night till she reached the boundless wasteland. All around lay wasteland, with only the sky high above and neither bird nor insect flying past. Stark-naked, like a stone statue, she stood in the centre of the wasteland and the whole past flashed through her mind: hunger, pain, shock, humiliation and pleasure... she trembled; ruin, wreck and involvement... she twitched convulsively; "Kill!"... she calmed down.... In another flash she pieced it all together: devotion and estrangement, loving care and revenge, nurture and annihilation, blessings and curses.... She raised both hands then with all her might towards the sky and from her lips escaped a cry

与兽的 非人间所有 所以无词的言语。

当她说出无词的言语时，她那伟大如石像 然而已经荒废的 颓败的身躯的全面都颤动了。这颤动点点如鱼鳞，每一鳞都起伏如沸水在烈火上 空中也即刻一同振颤 仿佛暴风雨中的荒海的波涛。

她于是抬起眼睛向着天空，并无词的言语也沉默尽绝，惟有颤动，辐射若太阳光，使空中的波涛立刻回旋 如遭飓风 汹涌奔腾于无边的荒野。

我梦魇了，自己却知道是因为将手搁在胸脯上了的缘故；我梦中还用尽平生之力，要将这十分沉重的手移开。

一九二五年六月二十九日 。

half-human, half-animal, a cry not of the world of men and therefore wordless.

When she uttered this wordless cry, her whole body, great as a statue but already wasting and degraded, was shaken by tremors. These tremors, small and distinct at first as fish-scales, started seething like water over a blazing fire; and at once the air too was convulsed like waves in the wild, storm-racked ocean.

Then she raised her eyes to the sky, and her wordless cry was swallowed up in silence. Only her tremors, radiating like sunbeams, set the waves in the air whirling round as if in a cyclone to sweep headlong across the illimitable wasteland.

It was a nightmare, yet I knew this was because I had pressed my hands on my chest. And in my dream I strained every nerve to remove these overpowering, heavy hands.

June 29, 1925

立 论

我梦见自己正在小学校的讲堂上预备作文，向老师请教立论的方法。

“难！”老师从眼镜圈外斜射出眼光来，看着我，说：“我告诉你一件事——”

“一家人家生了一个男孩，合家高兴透顶了。满月的时候，抱出来给客人看，——大概自然是想得一点好兆头。

“一个说：‘这孩子将来要发财的。’他于是得到一番感谢。

“一个说：‘这孩子将来要做官的。’他于是收回几句恭维。

“一个说：‘这孩子将来是要死的。’他于是得到一顿大家合力的痛打。

“说要死的必然，说富贵的许谎。但说谎的得好报，说必然的遭打。你……，，

“我愿意既不谎人，也不遭打。那么老师，我得怎么说呢？”

On Expressing an Opinion

I dreamed I was in the classroom of a primary school preparing to write an essay, and asked the teacher how to express an opinion.

“That’s hard!” Glancing sideways at me over his glasses, he said: “Let me tell you a story —

“When a son is born to a family, the whole household is delighted. When he is one month old they carry him out to display him to the guests — usually expecting some compliments, of course.

“One says: ‘This child will be rich.’ Then he is heartily thanked.

“One says: ‘This child will be an official.’ Then some compliments are made him in return.

“One says: ‘This child will die.’ Then he is thoroughly beaten by the whole family.

“That the child will die is inevitable, while to say that he will be rich or a high official may be a lie. Yet the lie is rewarded, whereas the statement of the inevitable gains a beating. You. . . .”

“I don’t want to tell lies, sir, neither do I want to be beaten. So what should I say?”

“那么,你得说:‘啊呀 这孩子
呵! 您瞧! 多么……。阿唷! 哈哈!
Hehe! he,hehehe!’”

一九二五年七月八日。

“In that case say: ‘Aha! Just look at this child!
My word. . . . Oh, my! Oho! Hehe! He, hehehehe-
he!’”

July 8, 1925

死 后

我梦见自己死在道路上。

这是那里 我怎么到这里来 怎么死的，这些事我全不明白。总之，待到我自己知道已经死掉的时候，就已经死在那里了。

听到几声喜鹊叫，接着是一阵乌老鸦。空气很清爽，——虽然也带些土气息，——大约正当黎明时候罢。我想睁开眼睛来，他却丝毫也不动，简直不像是我的眼睛，于是想抬手，也一样。

恐怖的利镞忽然穿透我的心了。在我生存时，曾经玩笑地设想：假使一个人的死亡，只是运动神经的废灭，而知觉还在，那就比全死了更可怕。谁知道我的预想竟的中了，我自己就在证实这预想。

听到脚步声，走路的罢。一辆独轮车从我的头边推过，大约是重载的，轧轧地叫得人心烦，还有些牙齿齙。很觉得满眼绯红，一定是太阳上来了。那么，我的脸是朝东的。但那都没有什么关系。切切嚓嚓的

After Death

I dreamed I had died by the roadside.

Where I was, how I came to be there, or how I had died, all this was a mystery. Anyway, by the time I knew I had died, I was lying there dead.

I heard magpies cry, then crows. The air was very fresh — thought it carried a tang of the soil — it must be nearly dawn. I tried to open my eyes, but the lids would not move, as if they simply did not belong to me. Then I tried to raise my hands, and it was the same.

I felt a sudden stab of fear through my heart. When I was alive it used to amuse me to think: If a man's death were simply the paralysis of his motor nerves while sensation still remained, that would be more frightful than total death. Who could tell that my prophecy would come true, or that I was to testify to its truth myself?

I heard footsteps: someone was passing by. A wheel-barrow was pushed past my head; its load was probably heavy, for its squeaking and creaking grated on my nerves and set my teeth on edge. Then everything seemed to turn crimson: the sun must have risen. So I must be facing east. Not that it mattered. A babble

人声，看热闹的。他们踹起黄土来，飞进我的鼻孔，使我想打喷嚏了，但终于没有打，仅有想打的心。

陆陆续续地又是脚步声，都到近旁就停下，还有更多的低语声，看的人多起来了。我忽然很想听听他们的议论。但同时想，我生存时说的什么批评不值一笑的话，大概是违心之论罢：才死，就露了破绽了。然而还是听；然而毕竟得不到结论，归纳起来不过是这样——

“死了？……”

“噤。——这……”

“哼！……”

“啧。……唉！……”

我十分高兴，因为始终没有听到一个熟识的声音。否则，或者害得他们伤心，或则要使他们快意，或则要使他们加添些饭后闲谈的材料，多破费宝贵的工夫，这都会使我很抱歉。现在谁也看不见，就是谁也不受影响。好了，总算对得起人了！

但是，大约是一个马蚁，在我的脊梁上爬着，痒痒的。我一点也不

of human voices — curious onlookers . They raised a cloud of dust which flew up my nose and made me want to sneeze . I was unable to, though; I just wanted to .

Then came the sound of more and more footsteps, all of which stopped beside me, and there was more whispering: quite a crowd had gathered. I felt a sudden longing to hear what they were saying. But just then I remembered how in my lifetime I used to say that criticism was not worth troubling about. Perhaps I didn't mean what I said: no sooner was I dead than I betrayed myself. But though I went on listening, I could not reach any conclusion, for the remarks seemed little more than this:

“Dead, huh? . . .”

“Uhhuh! . . .”

“Well! . . .”

“Dear me Too bad”

I was delighted not to hear a single familiar voice. Otherwise, some might grieve for me, some might be glad; some might have more to gossip about after dinner, thus wasting precious time; and all this would make me feel very bad. Now no one had seen me, so no one would be affected. Good. After all I had done no one any harm!

But then an ant, I think, started crawling on my back and made me itch. Since I could not stir, I had no means of getting rid of it . Normally , just by turning

能动，已经没有除去他的能力了；倘在平时，只将身子一扭，就能使他退避。而且，大腿上又爬着一个哩！你们是做什么的？虫豸！

事情可更坏了 嗡的一声 就有一个青蝇停在我的颧骨上，走了几步，又一飞，开口便舐我的鼻尖。我懊恼地想：足下，我不是什么伟人，你无须到我身上来寻做论的材料……。但是不能说出来。他却从鼻尖跑下，又用冷舌头来舐我的嘴唇了，不知道可是表示亲爱。还有几个则聚在眉毛上，跨一步，我的毛根就一摇。实在使我烦厌得不堪——不堪之至。

忽然，一阵风，一片东西从上面盖下来，他们就一同飞开了，临走时还说——

“惜哉！……”

我愤怒得几乎昏厥过去。

木材摔在地上的钝重的声音同着地面的震动 使我忽然清醒 前额上感着芦席的条纹。但那芦席就被掀去了，又立刻感到了日光的灼热。还听得有人说——

“怎么要死在这里？……”

这声音离我很近，他正弯着腰罢。但人应该死在那里呢？我先前以为人在地上虽没有任意生存的权

over I could have made it retreat. Now there was another one on my thigh as well! What do you think you are doing silly insects!

Things went from bad to worse: there was a buzz and a fly landed on my cheekbone. It took a few steps, then flew to lick the tip of my nose. "I am not a celebrity, sir," I thought ruefully. "You don't have to seek me out to find material for your gossip column. . . ."

But I could not speak out. It came down from the tip of my nose to lick my lips with its clammy tongue, and I wondered if this was a declaration of love. Some others gathered on my eyebrows. At each step they took. My hair was shaken to its roots. This was going too far — much too far.

With a sudden gust of wind, something covered me from above and they all flew off. As they left I heard them say:

"What a pity! . . ."

I nearly passed out with indignation.

I was brought to myself by the thud of something wooden dropped on the ground and the shaking of the earth. On my forehead I could feel lines made by the straw matting. Then the matting was removed, and at once I felt again the burning heat of the sun.

"Why should he die *here*?" I heard someone ask.

The voice was so near that the speaker must be bending over me. But where should a man die? I used

利，却总有任意死掉的权利的。现在才知道并不然，也很难适合人们的公意。可惜我久没了纸笔；即有也不能写，而且即使写了也没有地方发表了。只好就这样地抛开。

有人来抬我，也不知道是谁。听到刀鞘声，还有巡警在这里罢，在我所不应该“死在这里”的这里。我被翻了几个转身，便觉得向上一举，又往下一沉；又听得盖了盖，钉着钉。但是，奇怪，只钉了两个。难道这里的棺材钉，是只钉两个的么？

我想 这回是六面碰壁 外加钉子。真是完全失败，呜呼哀哉了！

“气闷！……”我又想。

然而我其实却比先前已经宁静得多，虽然知不清埋了没有。在手背上触到草席的条纹，觉得这尸衾倒也不恶。只不知道是谁给我化钱的，可惜但是，可恶，收敛的小子们！我背后的小衫的一角皱起来了，他们并不给我拉平，现在抵得我很难受。你们以为死人无知，做事就

to think that although a man could not choose where to live on this earth, he could at least die wherever he pleased. Now I learned this was not the case, and it was very hard to please everyone. What a pity I had long had no pen and paper; but even if I had, I could not write; and even if I wrote, I had nowhere to publish an article. So I had to let it go.

Some men came to carry me off, but I did not know who they were. From the clashing of scabbards I guessed there were police here too, in this place where I should not have died. I was turned round several times, felt myself lifted and set down again, then heard a lid being closed and nails hammered in. But, strangely enough, they used two nails only. Did they always use two nails only in the coffins here?

“I shall be knocking into six walls this time,” I thought. “I’m nailed in as well. This is really the end. It’s all up with me! . . .”

“It’s stuffy in here . . . ,” I thought.

As a matter of fact, I was much calmer than before, though I could not be sure whether I had been buried or not. The back of my hand touched the lines on the straw matting; and I felt this type of shroud was not too bad. I was only sorry I did not know who had paid for me out of charity. But curse those wretched fellows who had put me in the coffin! One corner of my shirt was creased under my back, but they had not

这样地草率么？哈哈！

我的身体似乎比活的时候要重得多，所以压着衣皱便格外的不舒服。但我想，不久就可以习惯的，或者就要腐烂，不至于再有什么大麻烦。此刻还不如静静地静着想。

“您好，您死了么？”

是一个颇为耳熟的声音。睁眼看时，却是勃古斋旧书铺的跑外的小伙计。不见约有二十多年了，倒还是那一副老样子。我又看看六面的壁，委实太毛糙，简直毫没有加过一点修刮，锯绒还是毛毳毳的。

“那碍事，那不要紧。”他说，一面打开暗蓝色布的包裹来。“这是明板《公羊传》嘉靖黑口本，给您送来了。您留下他罢。这是……。”

“你！”我诧异地看定他的眼睛，说，“你莫非真正胡涂了，你看我这样子，还要看什么明板？……”

“那可以看，那碍事。”

我即刻闭上眼睛，因为对他很烦厌。停了一会，没有声息，他大约

pulled it straight for me, and now it was sticking into me most uncomfortably. Do you think a dead man has no feelings that you act so carelessly? Pah!

My body seemed much heavier than during life, thus its pressure on the creased shirt made me much more uncomfortable than it normally would have. However, I thought I should soon get used to it, or else I should soon rot; thus it should not prove too troublesome. In the meantime I had better meditate quietly.

“How are you, sir? Are you dead?”

The voice was most familiar. When I opened my eyes, I saw it was the messenger from Bogozhai Bookshop. I had not seen him for more than twenty years, but he still looked the same as before. I examined the six sides of my coffin: they were really extremely crude and completely unpolished, the sawn edges still very rough.

“Never mind, that doesn’t matter,” he said, unwrapping a bundle tied in dark blue cloth. “Here is a Ming Dynasty edition of Gongyang’s *Commentaries* for you. It’s Jia Jing period, and has black margins. Just keep it. And this....”

“You!” I gazed in amazement at his eyes. “Are you mad?” I asked. “Can’t you see what condition I’m in? What use do I have for Ming Dynasty editions?”

“That doesn’t matter. Never mind.”

I closed my eyes at once in irritation. For some time there was not a sound, no doubt he was gone. But

走了。但是似乎一个马蚁又在脖子上爬起来，终于爬到脸上，只绕着眼眶转圈子。

万不料人的思想，是死掉之后也还会变化的。然而，有一种力将我的心的平安冲破；同时，许多梦也都做在眼前了。几个朋友祝我安乐，几个仇敌祝我灭亡。我却总是既不安乐，也不灭亡地不上不下地生活下来，都不能副任何一面的期望。现在又影一般死掉了，连仇敌也不使知道，不肯赠给他们一点惠而不费的欢欣。*****

我觉得在快意中要哭出来。这大概是我死后第一次的哭。

然而终于也没有眼泪流下；只看见眼前仿佛有火花一闪，我于是坐了起来。

一九二五年七月十二日。

then it seemed another ant started crawling up my neck and finally reached my face, where it circled round my eyes.

Men never imagined their ideas could change even after death. Suddenly a force shattered the peace of my heart, and many dreams unfolded before my eyes. Some friends had wished me happy, some enemies had wished me blotted out. Yet I had been neither happy nor blotted out, but had lived on somehow obscurely, not fulfilling the expectations of either side. And now I had died like a flitting shadow, without the knowledge even of my foes, unwilling to give them a little pleasure which would cost me nothing. . . .

In my exultation I wanted to cry. These would be my first tears after death.

No tears came, though, after all. There was a sort of flash before my eyes, and I sat up.

July 12, 1925

这样的战士

要有这样的一种战士——

已不是蒙昧如非洲土人而背着雪亮的毛瑟枪的；也并不疲惫如中国绿营兵而却佩着盒子炮。他毫无乞灵于牛皮和废铁的甲胄；他只有自己，但拿着蛮人所用的，脱手一掷的投枪。

他走进无物之阵，所遇见的都对他一式点头。他知道这点头就是敌人的武器，是杀人不见血的武器，许多战士都在此灭亡，正如炮弹一般，使猛士无所用其力。

那些头上有各种旗帜。绣出各样好名称：慈善家，学者，文士，长者，青年，雅人，君子……。头下有各样外套，绣出各式好花样：学问，道德，国粹，民意，逻辑，公义，东方文明……。

但他举起了投枪。

他们都同声立了誓来讲说，他们的心都在胸膛的中央，和别的偏心的人类两样。他们都在胸前放着

Such a Fighter

There will be such a fighter!

No longer ignorant as the African natives shouldering well-polished Mausers, nor listless as the Chinese green-banner troops carrying automatic pistols. He does not rely on armour made of ox-hide or of scrap-iron. He has nothing but himself, and for weapon nothing but the javelin hurled by barbarians,

He walks into the lines of nothingness, where all that meet him nod to him in the same manner. He knows that this nod is a weapon used by the enemy to kill without bloodshed, by which many fighters have perished. Like a cannon-ball, it renders ineffective the strength of the brave.

Above their heads hang all sorts of flags and banners, embroidered with all manner of titles: philanthropist, scholar, writer, elder, youth, dilettante, gentleman. . . . Beneath are all sorts of surcoats, embroidered with all manner of fine names: scholarship, morality, national culture, public opinion, logic, justice, oriental civilization. . . .

But he raises his javelin.

Together they give their solemn oath that their hearts are in the centre of their chests, unlike the case

护心镜，就为自己也深信心在胸膛中央的事作证。

但他举起了投枪。

他微笑 偏侧一掷 却正中了他们的心窝。

一切都颓然倒地；——然而只有一件外套，其中无物。无物之物已经脱走 得了胜利 因为他这时成了戕害慈善家等类的罪人。

但他举起了投枪。

他在无物之阵中大踏步走，再见一式的点头 各种的旗帜 各样的外套……。

但他举起了投枪。

他终于在无物之阵中老衰，寿终。他终于不是战士，但无物之物则是胜者。

在这样的境地里，谁也不闻战叫：太平。

太平……。

但他举起了投枪！

一九二五年十二月十四日。

of other prejudiced people. They try to prove by their breast plates that they themselves believe their hearts are in the centre of their chests.

But he raises his javelin.

He smiles and hurls his javelin to the side, and it pierces them through the heart.

All crumble and fall to the ground, leaving only a surcoat in which there is nothing. The nothingness has escaped and won the victory, because now he has become the criminal who killed the philanthropist and the rest.

But he raises his javelin.

He walks with great strides through the ranks of nothingness, and sees again the same nods, the same banners and surcoats. . . .

But he raises his javelin.

At last he grows old and dies of old age in the lines of nothingness. He is not a fighter after all, and the nothingness is the victor.

In such a place no war-cry is heard, but there is peace.

Peace. . . .

But he raises his javelin!

December 14, 1925

聪明人和傻子和奴才

奴才总不过是寻人诉苦。只要这样,也只能这样。有一日,他遇到一个聪明人。

“先生!”他悲哀地说,眼泪联成一线,就从眼角上直流下来。“你知道的。我所过的简直不是人的生活。吃的是一天未必有一餐,这一餐又不过是高粱皮,连猪狗都不要吃的,尚且只有一小碗……。”

“这实在令人同情。”聪明人也惨然说。

“可不是么!”他高兴了。“可是做工是昼夜无休息的:清早担水晚烧饭,上午跑街夜磨面,晴洗衣裳雨张伞,冬烧汽炉夏打扇。半夜要煨银耳,侍候主人耍钱;头钱从来没分,有时还挨皮鞭……。”

“唉唉……。”聪明人叹息着,眼圈有些发红,似乎要下泪。

The Wise Man, the Fool and the Slave

A slave did nothing but look for people to whom to pour out his woes. This was all he would and all he could do. One day he met a wise man.

“Sir!” he cried sadly, tears pouring down his cheeks. “You know, I lead a dog’s life. I may not have a single meal all day, and if I do it is only husks of sorghum which not even a pig would eat. Not to say there is only one small bowl of it. . . .”

“That’s really too bad,” the wise man commiserated.

“Isn’t it?” His spirits rose. “Then I work all day and all night. At dawn I carry water, at dusk I cook the dinner; in the morning I run errands, in the evening I grind wheat; when it’s fine I wash the clothes, when it’s wet I hold the umbrella; in winter I mind the furnace, in summer I wave the fan. At midnight I boil white fungus, and wait on our master at his gambling parties; but never a tip do I get, only sometimes the strap. . . .”

“Dear me. . . .” The wise man sighed, and the rims of his eyes looked a little red as if he were going

“先生！我这样是敷衍不下去的。我总得另外想法子。可是什么法子呢……。”

“我想 你总会好起来……。”

“是么？但愿如此。可是我对先生诉了冤苦，又得你的同情和慰安，已经舒坦得不少了。可见天理没有灭绝……。”

但是，不几日，他又不平起来了，仍然寻人去诉苦。

“先生！”他流着眼泪说，“你知道的。我住的简直比猪窠还不如。主人并不将我当人；他对他的叭儿狗还要好到几万倍……。”

“混帐！”那人大叫起来 使他吃惊了。那人是一个傻子。

“先生，我住的只是一间破小屋 又湿 又阴 满是臭虫 睡下去就咬得真可以。秽气冲着鼻子，四面又没有一个窗……。”

“你不会要你的主人开一个窗的么？”

“这怎么行？……”

“那么，你带我去看去！”

傻子跟奴才到他屋外，动手就砸那泥墙。

“先生！你干什么？”他大惊地说。

to shed tears.

“I can't go on like this, sir. I must find some way out. But what can I do?”

“I am sure things will improve. . . .”

“Do you think so? I certainly hope so. But now that I've told you my troubles and you've been so sympathetic and encouraging, I already feel much better. It shows there is still some justice in the world.”

A few days later, though, he was in the dumps again and found someone else to whom to pour out his woes.

“Sir!” he exclaimed, shedding tears. “You know, where I live is even worse than a pigsty. My master doesn't treat me like a human being; he treats his dog ten thousand times better. . . .”

“Confound him!” The other man swore so loudly that he startled the slave. This other man was a fool.

“All I have to live in, sir, is a tumble-down, one-roomed hut, damp, cold and swarming with bed-bugs. They gorge on me when I lie down to sleep. The place is stinking and hasn't a single window. . . .”

“Can't you ask your master to have a window made?”

“How can I do that?”

“Well, show me what it's like.”

The fool followed the slave to his hut, and began to pound the mud wall.

“What are you doing, sir?” The slave was horri-

“我给你打开一个窗洞来。”

“这不行 主人要骂的！”

“管他呢！”他仍然砸。

“人来呀！强盗在毁咱们的屋子了！快来呀！迟一点可要打出窟窿来了！……”他哭嚷着，在地上团团地打滚。

一群奴才都出来了，将傻子赶走。

听到了喊声，慢慢地最后出来的是主人。

“有强盗要来毁咱们的屋子 我首先叫喊起来，大家一同把他赶走了。”他恭敬而得胜地说。

“你不错。”主人这样夸奖他。

这一天就来了许多慰问的人，聪明人也在内。

“先生。这回因为我有功 主人夸奖了我了。你先前说我总会好起来 实在是有先见之明……。”他大有希望似的高兴地说。

“可不是么……。”聪明人也代为高兴似的回答他。

一九二五年十二月二十六日。

fied.

“I am opening a window for you.”

“This won't do! The master will curse me.”

“Let him!” The fool continued to pound away.

“Help!” A bandit is breaking down the house!

Come quickly or he will knock down the wall! . . .”

Shouting and sobbing, the slave rolled frantically on the ground. A whole troop of slaves came out and drove away the fool. Roused by the outcry, the last one to come slowly out was the master.

“A bandit tried to break down our house. I gave the alarm, and together we drove him away!” The slave spoke respectfully and triumphantly.

“Good for you!” The master praised him.

Many callers came that day to express concern, among them the wise man.

“Sir, because I made myself useful, the master praised me. When you said the other day that things would improve, you were really showing foresight.” He spoke very hopefully and happily.

“That's right . . . ,” replied the wise man, and seemed happy for his sake.

December 26, 1925

腊 叶

灯下看《雁门集》忽然翻出一片压干的枫叶来。

这使我记起去年的深秋。繁霜夜降 木叶多半凋零 庭前的一株小小的枫树也变成红色了。我曾绕树徘徊 细看叶片的颜色 当他青葱的时候是从没有这么注意的。他也并非全树通红 最多的是浅绛 有几片则在绯红地上，还带着几团浓绿。一片独有一点蛀孔，镶着乌黑的花边 在红 黄和绿的斑驳中 明眸似的向人凝视。我自念：这是病叶呵！便将他摘了下来，夹在刚才买到的《雁门集》里。大概是愿使这将坠的 被蚀而斑斓的颜色 暂得保存 不即与群叶一同飘散罢。

但今夜他却黄蜡似的躺在我的眼前，那眸子也不复似去年一般灼灼。假使再过几年，旧时的颜色在我记忆中消去，怕连我也不知道他何以夹在书里面的原因了。将坠的病叶的斑斓，似乎也只能在极短时

The Blighted Leaf

Reading Satula's poems by lamplight, I have come across a dry, pressed maple leaf.

This carries me back to late autumn of last year. There was heavy frost one night and most of the trees shed their leaves, while one small maple in my courtyard turned crimson. I paced round the tree to take a good look at the leaves, which I had never examined so closely when they were green. Not all of them had turned red; indeed, most were a pale puce, and some still had dark green spots on a crimson background. There was one in which an insect had made a hole, which, fringed with black, stared at you like some bright eye from the chequered red, yellow and green.

"This leaf has been blighted!" I thought.

So I plucked it and slipped it inside the book I had just bought. I suppose I hoped to preserve for a little time this blighted motley of colours so soon to fall, to prevent its drifting away with the other leaves.

But tonight it lies yellow and waxen before my gaze, its eye less bright than last year. In a few more years, when its former hues have faded from memory, I may even forget why I put it in the book. It seems the chequered tints of blighted leaves soon to fall can remain

中相对，更何况是葱郁的呢。看看窗外，很能耐寒的树木也早经秃尽了，枫树更何消说得。当深秋时，想来也许有和这去年的模样相似的病叶的罢，但可惜我今年竟没有赏玩秋树的余闲。

一九二五年十二月二十六日。

in my keeping for the shortest time only — to say nothing of those lush and green. Through my window I see that the trees which can best withstand cold are already denuded of leaves, much more so the maple. In late autumn there may have been blighted leaves like last year's; but unhappily, this year I had no time to appreciate autumn tints.

December 26, 1925

淡淡的血痕中

——纪念几个死者和生者和未生者

目前的造物主，还是一个怯弱者。

他暗暗地使天变地异，却不敢毁灭一个这地球；暗暗地使生物衰亡，却不敢长存一切尸体；暗暗地使人类流血，却不敢使血色永远鲜浓；暗暗地使人类受苦，却不敢使人类永远记得。

他专为他的同类——人类中的怯弱者——设想，用废墟荒坟来衬托华屋，用时光来冲淡苦痛和血痕；日日斟出一杯微甘的苦酒，不太少，不太多，以能微醉为度，递给人间，使饮者可以哭，可以歌，也如醒，也如醉。若有知，若无知，也欲死，也欲生。他必须使一切也欲生；他还没有灭尽人类的勇气。

几片废墟和几个荒坟散在地

Amid Pale Bloodstains

— *In Memory of Some Who Are Dead ,
Some Live , and Some Yet Unborn .*

At present the creator is still a weakling.

In secret, he causes heaven and earth to change, but dares not destroy this world. In secret, he causes living creatures to die, but dares not preserve their dead bodies. In secret, he causes mankind to shed blood, but dares not keep the bloodstains fresh forever. In secret, he causes mankind to suffer pain, but dares not let them remember it forever.

He provides for his kind only, the weaklings among men; using deserted ruins and lonely tombs to set off rich mansions; using time to dilute pain and bloodstains; each day pouring out one cup of slightly sweetened bitter wine — not too little nor too much — to cause slight intoxication. This he gives to mankind so that those who drink it can weep and sing, seem both sober and drunk, conscious and unconscious, appear willing to live on and willing to die. He must make all creatures willing to live on. He has not the courage yet to destroy mankind.

A few deserted ruins and a few lonely tombs are

上，映以淡淡的血痕，人们都在其间咀嚼着人我的渺茫的悲苦。但是不肯吐弃，以为究竟胜于空虚，各各自称为“天之僇民”，以作咀嚼着人我的渺茫的悲苦的辩解，而且悚息着静待新的悲苦的到来。新的，这就使他们恐惧，而又渴欲相遇。

这都是造物主的良民。他就需要这样。

叛逆的猛士出于人间；他屹立着，洞见一切已改和现有的废墟和荒坟，记得一切深广和久远的苦痛，正视一切重迭淤积的凝血，深知一切已死，方生，将生和未生。他看透了造化的把戏；他将要起来使人类苏生，或者使人类灭尽，这些造物主的良民们。

造物主，怯弱者，羞惭了，于是伏藏。天地在猛士的眼中于是变色。

一九二六年四月八日。

scattered over the earth, reflected by pale bloodstains; and there men taste their own vague pain and sorrow, as well as that of others. They will not spurn it, however, thinking it better than nothing; and they call themselves "victims of heaven" to justify their tasting this pain and sorrow. In apprehensive silence they await the coming of new pain and sorrow, new suffering which appals them, which they none the less thirst to meet.

All these are the loyal subjects of the creator. This is what he wants them to be.

A rebellious fighter has arisen from mankind, who, standing erect, sees through all the deserted ruins and lonely tombs of the past and the present. He remembers all the intense and unending agony; he faces squarely the whole welter of clotted blood; he understands all that is dead and all that is living, as well as all yet unborn. He sees through the creator's game. And he will arise to resuscitate or else destroy mankind, these loyal subjects of the creator.

The creator, the weakling, hides himself in shame. Then heaven and earth change colour in the eyes of the fighter.

April 8, 1926

一 觉

飞机负了掷下炸弹的使命，像学校的上课似的，每日上午在北京城上飞行。每听得机件搏击空气的声音 我常觉到一种轻微的紧张 宛然目睹了“死”的袭来 但同时也深切地感着“生”的存在。

隐约听到一二爆发声以后，飞机嗡嗡地叫着，冉冉地飞去了。也许有人死伤了罢，然而天下却似乎更显得太平。窗外的白杨的嫩叶，在日光下发乌金光；榆叶梅也比昨日开得更烂漫。收拾了散乱满床的日报，拂去昨夜聚在书桌上的苍白的微尘 我的四方的小书斋 今日也依然是所谓“窗明几净”。

因为或一种原因，我开手编校那历来积压在我这里的青年作者的文稿了；我要全都给一个清理。我照作品的年月看下去，这些不肯涂脂抹粉的青年们的魂灵便依次屹立

The Awakening

Like students going to school, the planes on their bombing missions fly over Peking each morning. And each time I hear their engines attack the air I feel a certain slight tension, as if I were witnessing the invasion of Death, though this heightens my consciousness of the existence of Life.

After one or two muffled explosions, the planes drone and fly slowly off. There may be some casualties, but the world seems more peaceful than usual. The tender leaves of the poplar outside the window gleam dark gold in the sunlight; the blossom of the flowering plum is more glorious than yesterday. When I have cleared away the newspapers lying all over my bed and wiped off the light grey dust which gathered on the desk last night, my small, square study continues to live up to the description, "bright windows and spotless desk."

For some reason or other, I start to edit the manuscripts of young writers which have accumulated here. I want to go through them all. I read them in chronological order, and the spirits of these young people who scorn to use any veneer rise up in turn before me. They

在我眼前。他们是绰约的，是纯真的，——阿，然而他们苦恼了，呻吟了，愤怒，而且终于粗暴了，我的可爱的青年们。

魂灵被风沙打击得粗暴，因为这是人的魂灵，我爱这样的魂灵，我愿意在无形无色的鲜血淋漓的粗暴上接吻。漂渺的名园中，奇花盛开着，红颜的静女正在超然无事地逍遥，鹤唳一声，白云郁然而起……。这自然使人神往的罢，然而我总记得我活在人间。

我忽然记起一件事：两三年前，我在北京大学的教员预备室里，看见进来了一个并不熟识的青年，默默地给我一包书，便出去了。打开看时，是一本《浅草》。就在这默默中，使我懂得了许多话。阿，这赠品是多么丰饶呵！可惜那《浅草》不再出版了，似乎只成了《沉钟》的前身。那《沉钟》就在这风沙湮洞中，深深地，在人海的底里寂寞地鸣动。

野蓟经了几乎致命的摧折，还要开一朵小花，我记得托尔斯泰曾受了很大的感动，因此写出一篇小

are fine, they have integrity — but, ah! they are so unhappy! They groan, become angry, and finally grow rough, my lovely youngsters.

Their spirits are roughened by the onslaught of wind and dust, for theirs is the spirit I love. I would gladly kiss this roughness dripping with blood but formless and colourless. In elegant, far-famed gardens filled with rare blossoms, demure and rosy girls are leisurely whiling away the time as the stork gives a cry and dense white clouds rise up.... This is all extremely enthralling, but I cannot forget I am living in the world of men.

And this suddenly reminds me of an incident: Two or three years ago, I was in the staff room at Peking University when a student whom I did not know came in. He handed me a package, then left without a word; and when I opened it, I found a copy of the magazine *Short Grass*. He said not a word, yet what a speaking silence, and what a rich gift that was! I am sorry *Short Grass* is not coming out any more; it seems merely to have served as the forerunner of *The Sunken Bell*. And *The Sunken Bell* is tolling alone in the caverns of wind and dust deep at the bottom of the human sea.

Though the wild thistle is virtually crushed to death, it will still bear one tiny flower. I remember how moved Tolstoy was by this, how it made him write

说来。但是，草木在旱干的沙漠中间 拼命伸长他的根 吸取深地中的水泉 来造成碧绿的林莽 自然是为了自己的‘生’的 然而使疲劳枯竭的旅人，一见就怡然觉得遇到了暂时息肩之所，这是如何的可以感激，而且可以悲哀的事！？

《沉钟》的《无题》——代启事——说：“有人说 我们的社会是一片沙漠。——如果当真是一片沙漠 这虽然荒漠一点也还静肃 虽然寂寞一点也还会使你感觉苍茫。何至于像这样的混沌 这样的阴沉 而且这样的离奇变幻！”

是的，青年的魂灵屹立在我眼前 他们已经粗暴了 或者将要粗暴了，然而我爱这些流血和隐痛的魂灵 因为他使我觉得是在人间 是在人间活着。

在编校中夕阳居然西下，灯火给我接续的光。各样的青春在眼前——驰去了，身外但有昏黄环绕。我疲劳着 捏着纸烟 在无名的思想中静静地合了眼睛，看见很长的梦。忽而惊觉，身外也还是环绕着昏黄；

a story. Of course, when plants in the arid desert reach out desperately with their roots to suck the water deep below the ground and form an emerald forest, they are struggling for their own survival. Yet the tired, parched travellers' hearts leap up at the sight, for they know they have reached a temporary resting place. Indeed this evokes deep gratitude and sadness.

Under the heading "Without a Title," in lieu of an address to the reader, the editors of *The Sunken Bell* wrote: "Some people say our society is a desolate. If this were really the case, though rather desolate it should give you a sense of tranquillity, though rather lonely it should give you a sense of infinity. It should not be so chaotic, gloomy and above all so changeful as it is."

Yes, the young people's spirits have risen up before me. They have grown rough, or are about to grow rough. But I love these spirits which bleed and suffer in silence, for they make me know I am in the world of men — I am living among men.

While I have been editing the sun has set, and I carry on by lamplight. All kinds of youth flash past before my eyes, though around me is nothing but dusk. Tired, I take a cigarette, quietly close my eyes in indeterminate thought, and have a long, long dream. I wake with a start. All around is still nothing but dusk ;

烟篆在不动的空气中上升，如几片小小夏云，徐徐幻出难以指名的形象。

一九二六年四月十日。

cigarette smoke rises in the motionless air like tiny specks of cloud in the summer sky, to be slowly transformed into indefinable shapes.

April 10, 1926

出版前言

本社专事外文图书的编辑出版，几十年来用英文翻译出版了大量的中国文学作品和文化典籍，上自先秦，下迄现当代，力求全面而准确地反映中国文学及中国文化的基本面貌和灿烂成就。这些英译图书均取自相关领域著名的、权威的作品，英译则出自国内外译界名家。每本图书的编选、翻译过程均极其审慎严肃，精雕细琢，中文作品及相应的英译版本均堪称经典。

我们意识到，这些英译精品，不单有对外译介的意义，而且对国内英文学习者、爱好者及英译工作者，也是极有价值的读本。为此，我们对这些英译精品做了认真的遴选，编排成汉英对照的形式，陆续推出，以飨读者。

外文出版社

Publisher's Note

Foreign Languages Press is dedicated to the editing, translating and publishing of books in foreign languages. Over the past several decades it has published, in English, a great number of China's classics and records as well as literary works from the Qin down to modern times, in the aim to fully display the best part of the Chinese culture and its achievements. These books in the original are famous and authoritative in their respective fields, and their English translations are masterworks produced by notable translators both at home and abroad. Each book is carefully compiled and translated with minute precision. Consequently, the English versions as well as their Chinese originals may both be rated as classics.

It is generally considered that these English translations are not only significant for introducing China to the outside world but also useful reading materials for domestic English learners and translators. For this reason, we have carefully selected some of these books, and will publish them successively in Chinese-English bilingual form.

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